National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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THIRTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

TUESDAY EVENING SESSION.—MAY 11.

THE Society met again in Steinway Hall. A very large audience was in attendance, notwithstanding an admission fee of fifty cents was charged. Mr. Phillips occupied the chair, and called the meeting to order soon after eight o'clock. Frederick Douglass was introduced as the first speaker of the evening, and was received with great applause.

ADDRESS OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—It has been a long time since I had the honor to appear among the regular speakers of the American Anti-Slavery Society on an anniversary occasion like the present. So long, indeed, has it been, and so vast and wonderful have been the changes which have taken place since then, that I almost hesitate to speak at all, although I appreciate very highly the sentiment to which I owe my invitation to be present on this occasion. The arguments which I once could use with some little skill and effect on occasions like this are no longer pertinent. We stand to-night amid the bleaching bones of dead issues. Where are the arguments by which we were once confronted?—the political argument, the moral argument and the religous argument, especially? Where now are the cunning and subtle arguments framed by our Doctors of Divinity in defence of slavery, affirming it to be a divine institution against which the gates of hell should not prevail? They are all gone. I have nothing to kick against. How can I speak on the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society when all our opponents are in full retreat, scarcely taking the time to look for new positions? Where is slavery itself? Gone—gone, I trust, forever. Its "cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces," stained with blood, are dissolved; and if we have any vocation here at all, any mission here, it is to see that not a rack is left behind (applause); that not one of the elements of the slave system is suffered to remain, obstructing the pathway of human progress in the future.

I am quite aware that in the minds of some, the name "American Anti-Slavery Society" is an anachronism and an impertinence. Some of my fellow-citizens tell me that slavery is dead, that it died some time ago, and that the American Anti-Slavery Society ought to have died with it. The logic would be perfect, if the premises were correct. Had slavery died an honest death, the Anti-Slavery Society might have died with it. But slavery is not honestly dead, to-night. It did not die honestly. Had its death come of moral conviction instead of political and military necessity: had it come in obedience to the enlightenment of the American people; had it come at the call of the humanity and the morality and the enlightenment of the slave-holder, as well as of the rest of our fellow-citizens, slavery might be looked upon as honestly dead; but there is no such thing conceivable, as a practical result, as the immediate, unconditional abolition of slavery. In the nature of the case, there can be no such thing as the immediate, unconditional, complete abolition of slavery, any where in the world. It would be to contradict human nature, and all the social forces of which we have any knowledge, to assume such a possibility. There is no such thing. An instant may snap the chain, but a century is not too much to obliterate the traces of a former bondage. Slavery, to be sure, is abolished. The legal relation of master and slave is abolished; but that out of which slavery sprung, that by which it was sustained, the selfishness, the arrogance of the master, still remain; the ignorance and servility of the slave still remain; and while the ignorance and servility of the slave, and the arrogance of the master, with his custom to bear sway over his fellows, remain, and manifest themselves to the eye in the forms in which we now see them all over the South, in rendering the former bondman insecure in his life and property, and making it impossible for a Northern man, possessed of the ideas of freedom, to go safely into that country,—while, I say, this state of facts exists, it is not correct to assume that slavery is entirely out of the field. The American Anti-Slavery Society, however, is only an instrument; it is only an agent. Its value consists in its efficiency. If it is efficient, it has a reason for existing; when it ceases to be efficient, let it perish, like any other instrumentality. It has had a glorious history. For thirty-six years, it has been constructing a magnificent arch to bridge the howling chasm of slavery, over which four millions of joyful bondmen might pass to liberty. (Applause). The arch has been built. It is beautiful to behold. Only one thing remains, and that is to insert the keystone of the arch. That keystone is the Fifteenth Amendment. (Applause). Until that Fifteenth Amendment becomes part of the Constitution of the United States, this Society has an excellent apology for continued existence. When it is made a part of the Constitution, I shall be prepared to consider whether it is best to dispense with the use of this Society or not. That is a very diplomatic statement: I shall be ready to consider it. Not quite ready to decide, but ready to consider it. I would not dare, however, to decide that question, until I had heard the judgment of Wendell Phillips at considerable length. (Applause).

I do not know what more there is to say. They have all said to-day, that it was no use to argue the wisdom of the Fifteenth Amendment. What are we to argue, then? I shall not, however, go into any argument, for I know who are to come after me. I am merely put forward here to-night to open the ceremonies. There is a long and brilliant list of speakers behind me, to whom you are eager to listen; to whom I am eager to listen, if you are not.

I have but one theory in regard to the negro, and that seems to be conceded, by Democrats as well as Republicans. It is summed up in one word —Let him alone! That is about your whole duty in regard to the negro—to let him alone. You want to be doing something for him and with him; and your doing something for us, with us and by us has played the mischief with us already, (applause); and what we most need at this time is to be let alone. My politics in regard to the negro is simply this: Give him fair play and let him alone, but be sure you give him fair play. He is now a man before the law. I rejoice at it. What we want, what we are resolved to have, is the right to be men among men; men everywhere. Our wants, I grant you, are many. One of our first wants is money. No people ever yet made any considerable progress in civilization or in the estimation of their fellow-men who had not money, and what the negro wants, especially just now, is money. Without money, he has no leisure; without money, the whole struggle of life is to live, and while he is contending for bread, his brains are neglected; and until we can have, as you have, a class of men of wealth, we can never have a leisure class; and until we have a leisure class, we can never have a very intelligent class; and until we have an intelligent class, we shall never be respected among our fellows. Until we can present an intelligent class, while we are all, as a race, as a class, mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, we shall be forever a despised race; and therefore I like my friend Foster's proposition, (not, perhaps, in the full length to which he carried it, but it embodies a truth), that the negro must have a right to the land. At least, I demand for him the same right to the land, the same opportunity, and the same chance to get possession of the land that other people have. All over the South, it is well known, notorious, that the old planters, who own their ten and fifteen thousand acres of land, have banded together and determined not to sell it in small parcels or in large parcels to colored men —to keep possession of the land. Therefore, this government is bound to see, not only that the negro has the right to vote, but that he has fair play in the acquisition of land; that when he offers a fair price for the land of the South, he shall not be deprived of the right to purchase, simply because of his color.

This may not seem to be consistent with my first proposition,—to let the negro alone; but it is quite consistent with what should be the first proposition —Give him fair play, and let him alone. If you see a negro wanting to purchase land, let him alone; let him purchase it. If you see him on the way to school, let him go; don't say he shall not go into the same school with other people. If anybody has a right to schooling, he has; if anybody needs schooling, he does. If you see him on his way to the work shop, let him alone; let him work; don't say you will not work with him; that you will "knock off" if he is permitted to work. The newspapers of to-day tell us that some thirty-six printers in the Government printing office at Washington are utterly disgusted by the employment of a single negro printer in that establishment, and one paper states that they had leave to withdraw. I hope it is so. (Applause). The difficulty with us is, that we are a poor people, and have but few opportunities to obtain anything like a competency in the North. We are restricted to two or three employments. We do all the whitewashing. We are great on *white!* (Laughter.) I saw a colored man the other day, and says he, "As to this thing you call learning, book learning, I ain't much at that; but that thing you call laying whitewash on the wall, I am dar." (Merriment). We are there. We have been ruled out of the workshop. It is easier to-day to get a negro boy a seat by the side of a lawyer to study law, than it is to get him a place at a blacksmith's anvil, to hammer iron. I can more easily to-day enter my son in a law office in Rochester, than I can get him into a shipyard to help build ships. The reason is, that the higher you go up in the gradations of intelligence, the further you get from prejudice, the more reasonable men are. I find it far less difficult to get along with educated men, ignorant as I am, than to get along with uneducated men. The educated men of the country are in advance of the masses. You have only to stand out among the stumps of Ohio and sing out to an ignorant crowd, "Is there any man in this land who wants to be ruled over by a nigger?" to carry the whole crowd against the suffrage amendment. That is enough. But with thinking men, that does not amount to much.

What colored men want is elbow room, and enlarged opportunities. Give them employments by which they can obtain something like a respectable living. That has been done in Washington, of late. A black man has been put into the Government printing office, another has been sent as Minister Plenipotentiary (I don't know what that may all mean) to Hayti, and another to that exotic Republic over the sea, Liberia. In 1839, I believe, John Quincy Adams brought forward a proposition to recognize the independence of Hayti, and in a moment, the House of Representatives was a scene of unparalleled confusion. The whole South started angrily to its feet, and hurled at the "old man eloquent" the wildest and most withering denunciations. He bore it all. Henry Clay said, "It is true, we are told that this black Republic has maintained its liberty for forty years. I care not for it. Should Time himself confront me, and shake his hoary locks at my position, I should still oppose the acknowledgment of the independence of Hayti." Hayti is to-day acknowledged. The negro Republic is on a footing of equality with other nations, and is acknowledged to be one of the sisterhood of nations; and, withal, the freest and mightiest Republic on the globe, and now or rapidly becoming recognized as the mightest nation on the globe, the nation that is to dictate the law to the nations of Europe, the nation which more than any other beneath the sky is to give direction to the civilization of the next fifty years,—that nation sends a black Minister to Hayti, (applause), and is getting ready, I trust, to reach out its hand to those brave, those heroic and noble Cubans, who are now defending the cause which this Society and all America have sworn to support.

I have some sympathy with my Democratic brethren, after all. There is one thing about them—they have always been logical; and seen a little further than the Abolitionists themselves, just a little. Long before Wendell Phillips announced the doctrine of the dissolution of the Union, John C. Calhoun saw that was just what it would come to. Long before Mr. Seward announced the doctrine of the "irrepressible conflict," Mr. Calhoun saw that "irrepressible conflict," and saw that this country must be all slavery or all freedom, or there would be no going on; there must be fighting. I say I have sympathy for my Democratic friends when they say to me, "Douglass, that is all right enough, but we see where it leads." They do see where it leads. Mr. Hendricks, on the floor of the Senate, said, "Gentlemen, this thing, suffrage for the blacks, is impossible, for it means the bringing of a black Senator into this House, to be seated in one of these chairs; it is impossible." He was right; it means all that, and I am just the man that is coming. (Laughter and applause). I am like the boy who said he would go home and live with his uncle Albert, but he meant to do just what he pleased, if *his uncle Albert would let him.* (Laughter). It means that, and it means more. You take a step in the right direction, and another opens to you evermore; take one in the wrong direction, and another and still another opens before you, until you reach the bottom, if there is any bottom, of the bottomless pit. There is no stopping. Let the negro vote, and he will be voted for; and if voted for, he will go to Congress; and if to Congress, there is no telling where he won't go. (Applause).

The Democrat said, "The right to vote means amalgamation." The Abolitionist said, "No, that don't follow." "It will dissolve the Union." "No it won't." "It will lead to amalgamation." "No, it won't." But it will lead just there. Don't be afraid. There was a beautiful speech made here to-day by Mrs. Blackwell. She has a theory, that all races have some distinctive peculiarity, which can be made promotive of civilization, provided they do not imitate. I believe in imitation. I think the disposition to imitate what is a little in advance of what we before knew is one of the most civilizing qualities of the human mind, and I am going to imitate all the good I can, and leave unimitated all the bad I find in the world.

There is no such thing as our living in this world anywhere else than right among people, part of them. The only reason why the negro has not been killed off, as the Indians have been, is, that he is so close under your arm, that you cannot get at him. If we had set up a separate nationality, gone off on the outer borders of your civilization, right before your bayonets and swords, we should have been pushed off, precisely as the Indians have been pushed off. Our salvation, the salvation of every race in this country, is in becoming an integral part of the American government, becoming incorporated into the American body politic, incorporated into society, having common aims, common objects, and common instrumentalities with which to work with you, side by side. The further we get apart, the more we are hated; the nearer we come together, the more we are loved. Coöperation brings together. That feeling of common regard and common interest, is necessary to our salvation, necessary to that of the Indian. Senator Doolittle (I think it was) said to Mr. Sumner, after he had made a speech in favor of the elective franchise, "Mr. Sumner, all this concern about the negro is absurd; he will die off in a few years. Thousands of them have already disappeared, and they are rapidly disappearing. No use to make any ado about incorporating them with this government; they will die out." That was his theory. I have been travelling over the Western States lately, and have had occasion to observe the presence of vast numbers of colored people where I have not seen them before; and I think this accounts, in part, for the "dying out" of the negro at the South. They followed the Union army home by thousands, they have taken up their abodes at the North, and their old slave masters at the South regard them as dead. But they still live, and will reappear at the right time. They would die if put in the same condition with the Indian. You might plant on the outer borders of American civilization a race of angels, if you please, and it would be impossible to keep the peace between those angels and this progressive Anglo-Saxon nation. They would find some bad angels among them, or make them bad, and then use their badness as an apology for waging war upon them. They could not live in that way, and if angels could not, negroes could not, for we are too much like other people, (laughter and applause); for if the negro cannot show his identity with the human family by his virtues, he can at least by his vices. I do not know any wickedness that any white man can commit that a black man cannot commit also,—they are so much alike, in all things! (Laughter). And I know of no heroic or manly act that a whiteman can do, that a negro cannot do the same.

We are not going to die out, I say. Those who liken us to the Indians make one mistake. They overlook the fact that the negro is more like the white man than the Indian, in his tastes and tendencies, and disposition to accept civilization. You see the Indian, too proud to beg, disdaining your civilization, standing at the corners of the streets, wrapped in his blanket,—refusing to imitate, refusing to follow the fashion,—with a few bead purses and baskets to sell. In his dignity and destitution, he rejects our civilization, and the consequence is, that he dies or retreats before the onward march of your civilization, from the Atlantic to the lakes, and from the lakes to the great rivers. He sees with no complacency your railroads, your steamboats, your canals, your electric wire. No thrill of joy is awakened in his heart by the announcement of any improvement in the means of transmitting inteligence or spreading civilization among men. He sees the ploughshare of American civilization tearing up the venerated graves of his ancestors, his heart sickens, and he retreats before the onward march of civilization. Taking warning by the appearence of the honey bees, six months in advance of your coming, he disappears on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. He dislikes your civilization, dislikes and distrusts you. It is not so with the negro. He loves you and remains with you, under all circumstances, in slavery and in freedom. You do not see him wearing a blanket, but coats cut in the latest European fashion. If you should see him going down street on a rainy day, you would think there was a man walking there, if he had his back to you. He looks like a man, acts like a man, feels like a man, and the office of this Society is to make him a man among men. (Applause). He does not die out. Some have predicted that if he only broke his fetters, he would run back to Africa, clear out to Liberia, or somewhere else. There is no such disposition in the negro. He will not die out. No race, with any such physical energy as the negro possesses, having the advantage of the cultivation of muscle for 250 years, is going to die out in a few months or years. The whole shipping of the United States would not be sufficient to carry off from the United States the average increase of this race. They are here; love to be here; like your civilization; accept it; become a part of it. Where there are Methodists, the negro is a Methodist; where there are Baptists, he is a Baptist; where there are Quakers, he is not exactly a Quaker, because they do not make noise enough for him (laughter), but he wears at least a plain coat. In short, he becomes just what other people become, and herein is the security for his continued life. He will not die out, because he has a vitality that will compare favorably with that of any other race on the globe. He cannot fade out at the South just now, because Slavery is abolished. He will not go to Liberia, because he has immense love of country. There is nothing left for you, but to incorporate him completely into the American body politic; admit him to the ballot-box, admit him to Congress, give him a seat on the benches of your courts, let him ride upon your highways and your byways and your railroads and everywhere, on equal terms with everybody else, and you will soon begin to find that Mr. Bluebeard's beard is not quite so blue after all.

I know there is prejudice here; there has always been prejudice. The only way to get rid of your prejudice is to begin to treat the negro as though you had no prejudice, and very soon you will find that you have got none. There is no better way for a man to cure his prejudice than to begin to do good to the victim of that prejudice. The moment you do that, that moment you find your prejudice vanish. I went once up into Pittsfield, N. H., to deliver a lecture. While there, I called upon a good anti-slavery man, at least, a man who took the *Liberator*, and that was sufficient for me; but, although quite willing to have the negroes freed, he did not want to have them just here. I was just out of slavery, and went up there under the direction of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, to deliver three lectures on Sunday. I called, as I have said, upon this man, and he told me, frankly, that he would like to have had it otherwise, but since I was there, I might stay. (Laughter). I did stay; stayed until tea time. I found that everybody about the house had lost their appetite; nobody could eat; and I almost lost my own, just out of sympathy with my friends. (Laughter). I managed, however, to take a cup of tea. The next morning, my good friend got his horse out, got his wife into the carriage, and started for meeting. His wife, excellent woman! wanted to hear me speak, (of course she was excellent, because she wanted to hear me), and so they were going to the meeting, and the gentleman, after he had got into the carriage, looked out and said, "I suppose you can find your way down?" "Yes," said I, "I guess I can." It was about two miles. I started and went down to the hall where I was to speak. I found about fifteen assembled to hear me, which was no inconsiderable congregation for that day, and I went to work to preach to them on slavery. At the close of my discourse, my congregation separated and left me at the door of the Town Hall. My good friend Mr. Hillis did not even think to say, "Well, you can find your way back again," so I didn't find my way back. (Laughter). I was to speak again at two o'clock. The time came for the meeting, the audience came together, and I spoke until about four o'clock. I was to have another meeting at five, and the congregation separated and left me at the door. I felt by this time a little hungry. With no supper the night before, very little breakfast, and no dinner, I began to feel the want of something to eat. I went over to the hotel, and asked if I could be accommodated with some food there. The hotel-keeper said, "We don't accommodate niggers here." So I had to leave there. I went back to the Town House and stood around there for awhile. I felt somewhat desolate. I could see the good Christian people looking out of their windows at me from all directions, as if some menagarie had broken loose, and one of the wild animals had made his appearance among them. They kept their doors shut, and looked at me from the safe position of their windows. I went into a grave-yard near by. I felt somewhat subdued, and there was some attraction to that spot, where I could see the end of all distinctions—the short graves and the long ones, the mighty men as well as those who were not mighty, all on a level. I felt then that I was suffering for righteousness' sake. While I was there, a man, with not much of the humanitarian in his appearance, came up to me and said, "Your name is Douglass?" Said I, "That is my name." Said he, "Mr. Douglass, you seem to have nowhere to go, no place to stay." Said I, "That is quite true; I have no place to go, no place to stay." Said he, "Mr. Douglass, I am not an abolitionist, but I am a man, and if you will go to my house, you shall be taken care of while you stay in town." I inquired his name. Said he, "My name is Moses Norris." "Moses Norris," said I, "why, you are the gentleman who pulled George Storrs out of the pulpit for preaching abolition." "Well," said he, "no matter; I can't stand your being out here in the rain and cold, with no place to go." "Well," said I, "I will go with you." I went to his house, and when I got to the door, I heard the little children shouting, "Mother, mother, there's a nigger in the house, —there's a nigger in the house." The mother came out, seemingly quite angry, and shut the door behind her, as only a woman can when she is vexed. The first chance I got, I said to the good lady, "I am suffering from a cold and hoarseness, and I know of nothing that will ease me so readily as a little cold water and loaf sugar. You will do me a kindness if you will give me a little loaf sugar and cold water." I saw, upon the instant, a change in the whole appearance of the lady. She was before chagrined, mortified, at the very thought of having a negro in the house, but the moment she brought the water and the sugar, and set them down before me, and said "Help yourself," and I thanked her, there was a relation established between us; there was a human heart answering to another human heart. The very moment she performed this good deed for a suffering fellow creature, that very moment she felt her prejudice removed. That night, at the close of my speech, the first hand extended to me, to bid me God-speed, was the hand of Mrs. Norris, with the request that I would come to their house and make it my home whenever I came to Pittsfield. About this time, brother Hillis was close at hand, and said he, "I kind of missed you to-day." (Laughter). "Yes," said I, "I thought so." "Come," said he, "You must go home with me now." At first I thought I wouldn't go; but when I remembered that "there is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just men, who need no repentance," I decided to go with him. The next day, this same man, who was so full of prejudice the day before, took me in his carriage over to Loudon, where I was to speak; and on the way, he paid me the compliment of saying, "Mr. Douglass, this is one of the proudest days of my life. I feel prouder to-day to have you in my carriage than I should to have the President of the United States here." John Tyler was President of the United States at that time! (Roars of laughter).

What I say to the American people every where is, "Conquer your prejudices;" and the only way to conquer them is to begin to be just, begin to be kind to this long-despised class. That the negro will not die out has been proved by the manner in which he has stood slavery. Was ever a race exposed to such elements of destruction as the negro in this country has been for 250 years? Daniel O'Connell said, twenty years ago, speaking of Ireland, "The history of Ireland may be traced like a wounded man through a crowd, by the blood." It was a strong statement of the condition of Ireland but is it not a true statement of the history of the people to whom I belong, and with whom I am identified? For 250 years, we have been robbed of every right; herded with the beasts of the field; exposed to all the exterminating forces of slavery; deprived of marriage; deprived of the family; deprived of all the saving influences of those institutions; loaded with chains; scarred by the whip; driven from time to eternity in the dark, yet where are we? Uncle Toms in Georgia; Robert Smalls in the harbor of Charleston. That is where we are. Though laden with burdens that no other nation ever struggled under; though outraged as no other race has ever been outraged, we still look up and smile under it all; we still flourish under it all. If slavery has not been able to kill us, liberty will not. (Applause). If the black man can stand all the enginery of slavery, he can stand at least the appliances of civilization.

Now, we are here; we are going to live here. What is going to be done? This—only this. Welcome the black man to any position and to every position for which his talents and character fit him. (Applause). Do this, and you shall have peace. We have performed some service to this country. I do not take the extravagant view that some do, that the negro saved this country; that without the negro, you could not have put down the rebellions. This I do affirm, however, that we helped you put it down. When you were at your wit's ends for the means of carrying on this war, the negro came to your help, and at that time you felt rather grateful to him. At that time, you felt like enfranchising him. At that time, you were willing to bring him into full possession of his rights. When the rebel armies were in the field, bold, defiant, and in some instances triumphant, when Lee, and Longstreet and Imboden were among the Alleghany Mountains, thundering at the gates of Philadelphia, when your recruiting sergeants were marching up and down the streets from morning till night, foot sore and weary, with banner and badge, calling for more men, young men and strong men, to go to the front, to fill up the gaps made by rebel shot, and by pestilence, when your sons were coming home from the war, armless, legless, maimed and mutilated, when your churches were draped with mourning, when your country seemed to be upon its last legs, as it were, when every breeze that came to us from the broad Atlantic was suspected of bearing on its wings the tidings of British or French intervention, to the destruction of your government, when the ground trembled, as it were, beneath our feet, and, as Wendell Phillips says, the star-spangled banner clung to the masthead heavy with blood,—then, oh, then, there was room under our flag for all its defenders, (applause;) one liberty, one government, one nationality, for all the people of the United States. In the spirit born of affliction, born of trouble, let us legislate and go on legislating, until we put that Fifteenth Amendment into the organic law of the land; until every black man shall feel, "This is my country, and this is my government." Until you have done this, you are weak; when you have done it, you are strong. The black man came to you in the hour of danger, of trial, when your flag wavered, reached out his black iron arm, and clutched your standard with his steel fingers; and if you enfranchise him, make him a part of you, he will be ready to serve you again; he will be ready to give you not only ramparts of sand and ramparts of stone, but he will give you ramparts of human breasts, broad and strong, guided by intelligence, before whose front no nation on the earth, backed up by your intelligence, would be able to stand.

We are here to-night in the interest of the negro, but we are here also in the interest of patriotism, in the interest of liberty; liberty in America, liberty in Cuba, liberty the world over. Make this government a consistent government, make it a truly Republican government. Let no man be driven from the ballot-box on account of his color. Let no woman be denied the ballot-box on account of her sex. (Applause). Let the government rest on every shoulder in it, and your government will be strong, and your country will be secure.

Excuse me for these desultory remarks. I will take my seat, and make room for our friend from England and our other friends who are here to speak to you.

THE PRESIDENT.—I have the pleasure of introducing to the audience one who comes to us not only with argument, but with evidence, from her long residence in Louisiana—Mrs. Cora Daniels Tappan.

ADDRESS OF MRS. TAPPAN.

FRIENDS:—Were it not that I have a word which is in the nature of testimony and experience, I would not appear before you, when there are others, with far more eloquent tongues, whom you desire to hear; but because of this, and especially because I feel that the time has not yet come for the Anti-Slavery Society to dissolve, do I address you.

We judge of the death of any person or thing by this measure—when it ceases to have influence among those where it dwells. We call not a good man dead when his body dies. We do not call the great and wise ones of the past dead, because their forms have perished. We know that their spirits live forever; that the influence which they exerted here remains a watchword to all time. Evil perishes sooner, it is true, thanks to the great economy of nature, but the time has not yet come when the evil of the spirit of slavery has passed away. We know that there is great cause for rejoicing, when Frederick Douglass can appear before you with words of joy and congratulation concerning his race, for no one has suffered more than he because of color, no one can testify as well. But yet some of us know, and there are those here with darker skins than mine who can tell, that the spirit of slavery is certainly not yet dead; that it haunts like the ghost of a murdered man the place where its body has been slain; that it stalks up and down the South, filling the country, as it has for the past three or four years, with mourning; not the mourning for the devastations of war, but the mourning for murder, assassination, rapine and wrong. We know that the spirit of slavery exists there, and that it must be rooted out by the intelligence, culture and progress of the South. We know that the colored man is still denied the privileges which are enjoyed by his white brethren. We know that the persecutions of the colored man continue at the South, as they have for the last few years, although it is no longer a part of the political policy of the land to make it known that this is so.

I hope, therefore, that this Society will not dissolve until we have met this foe upon another battle-field besides that of the physical; until, aside from the statutes, there shall be prevailing a spirit of freedom, that shall recognize the equality of all, without reference to race, caste, sex or color. Until this occurs, we cannot call our government free, nor may we say that it has done its duty. It has been most eloquently remarked, that slavery did not die an honest death. No; nor is it dead, in any essential particular. Our government, unfortunately, never does a right thing because it is right, but always from necessity. We know that this is true, because slavery was not abolished until it became a military necessity. We know that this is true, because war was waged relentlessly against those who, for half a century, taught the wrong and error of slavery. We know it is true, because the government that will enslave four millions of people, that will ignore the rights of one half of its citizens, and that will wage a war of extermination against another race, cannot possibly be called the freest or the best government in the world. We know this, while we deplore it; and what we have to do, is to call attention to the fact, that while by law slavery no longer exists, there remains a persistent and almost unconquerable hatred of the colored race in the South; a hatred that can only be abolished by the actual recognition of his rights on the part of the government, and on the part of public opinion, which Mr. Phillips and all the eloquent ones who are here are to create. The Government? No; it is incumbent on the people. What you dictate, that does it perform; and if you do not dictate, with loud voices, with strong minds, and with earnest hearts, and with a full intent and purpose to destroy this spirit, you cannot destroy it.

A change has come over the political aspect of the country. We knew that any change would be for the better; we were perfectly well aware it could not be worse. Hence there is nothing more said about the persecution of the blacks at the South, and from two or three striking appointments that have been made politically, we have been led to believe that justice will be done the black man. We hope that it is so. We do not arraign the government in the first days of its present administration; we are not here for any purpose of waging war against it; we only hope that the rights of the black man at the South will be protected, and that he will be no longer subjected to outrage and murder at the South. We know that it has been the policy of the Republican party heretofore to publish these murders and outrages; and wherever plantations have been refused to colored men, the fact has been published in all the Northern Republican papers; but lately, it has not been so—not because the Southern spirit is changed in that respect, but because we are no longer on the eve of an election, and no political purpose can be served by the publication of these facts. But we are assured by private correspondence from the South, and by what we know of those colored people who have been exiled from what should be their homes, that the blacks of the South are not yet safe there; that there is no protection for life there outside of the large cities and the government posts; that there is no such thing as their obtaining possession of property, when the landowners, who were formerly planters and rebels, are aware of their intent. In many of the parishes, the land-holders, who were formerly slaveholders, have held meetings for the purpose of expressing their intention not to allow any colored man to occupy any portion of their land, either by rent or purchase. It is true that this cannot always last. It is true that when they have no longer a friend in the highest seat in the nation, that spirit will gradually pass away. But it is not true that it is dead to-day, for hundreds of letters and communications come up from the South, saying, "We want land; we are in need of homes; we must have some place to earn our own living and to establish our right to citizenship." If there is any one great need in the government, it is that the bill recently introduced by Hon. Geo. W. Julian, of Indiana, to create a Department of Home Affairs, shall be passed by the Congress of the United States; a bill which will make it the business of the government not only to see that the rights of the colored race are respected, not only to aid them and facilitate their possession of land, wherever it can do so, not only to give information concerning agriculture and all the departments of industry, and also to protect that other race, in regard to which, in a few moments, I shall have to take issue with our most eloquent friend, Frederick Douglass;—not only for this, but for the protection of Americans. This Department of Home Affairs would fill the position occupied by the Freedmen's Bureau; would establish as a fundamental part of the administration of the government, the recognition of all races, and would aid in the dissemination of knowledge in regard to that important branch of industry, agriculture, thoughout the South, where they are so ignorant of it. Why, the condition in which these people are to-day, even in the absence of slavery, even when the scourge and chain are no longer used, even when the shackles have been thrown from their limbs by the hand of war, is certainly worthy of your grave consideration. What should you think, if in a whole parish (corresponding with one of your counties) there was but one plough, but one hoe, but one set of very poor agricultural implements, which the negroes would go miles to borrow, and take seed-potatoes by the bushel on their back and carry them long distances to exchange for garden seeds, and then be denied the poor privilege of planting the garden seed after they had obtained them? If such a state of affairs existed in Kamschatka, in the Sandwich Islands, or any part of the remotest corners of the globe, all the Missionary Societies of the North would forthwith send cargoes of agricultural tools and implements, and whatever was required. But no such things have ever been received at the South. There is no agency for the distribution of those necessaries which are requisite for the mere purpose of allowing the colored man to earn his own bread. It is true, that in the towns and large cities, he may be employed; and it is also true that many colored men, with greater intelligence, or a larger share of wealth, have obtained a certain social position, and now even a political position; but it is not true that they have any of the rights that are recognized in the North as constituting citizenship, in the essential spirit of it. But, above all that, they have not even the right to labor freely and unrestrainedly, or with the certainty of reward, as the poorest men of the North have. But that which lies at the root and foundation of this question is the prejudice against race; the feeling that the negro is of another race than ours, and therefore must be ignorant; and because he is of another race, he must pass through all these stages of intellectual, moral, and even physical education, before we can recognize the fact that he is a man; that even now, with the eloquent lips that have just closed before us, and with all the array of talent and genius which is here we cannot pronounce, with clear consciences and unequivocally, the sentiment that the negro is a man, in the same sense that the Anglo-Saxon or European, or any other race, are men. We took it as a necessity. We grudgingly gave that which the war brought. We grant this; that slavery is gone, and then say, "Is not that enough? Have we not released them? Are they not citizens? Have they not a right to vote?" But they cannot"

eat paper ballots. The right to vote will not keep them or their children from starving. It will not prevent their families from entering the poor-house, if they have no homes of their own. The laboring men of the North not only have the right to vote, but they have the right to express their feelings, to hold indignation meetings, if they please. The working men of the North are the ruling power of the North, and they know it; and if their influence shall cease, we know the country will go to ruin. It is not so in the South. The colored man does not know his power. He does not know that his hands have redeemed the land from the wilderness; that his hands have built the cities of the South, and made all the commerce they ever had; nay more, that, extending North, he has made New York, this great commercial centre, and created the vast wealth which now makes this country the proudest and greatest on earth. He does not know this; he needs somebody to tell him of it; and if the Anti-Slavery Society would do its full and entire duty, it should send persons to the South with tools and implements, to teach the colored people not only their power as working men and women, but their power as creators of a new order of Society. You need not, Mr. Douglass, bemoan that they bear the burdens of society. It is true that they do; but labor is the strong hand of power, by which you have been made what you are, and the poorest laborer can cast his vote for Frederick Douglass as a Senator of the United States.

I say, in the South, the laborer must vote according to the dictation of his employer; he can have no freedom, no choice. If he refuse to do this, he must starve, and his wife and children must perish. It was a hard thing, but it was so just before the late election, that he should have on one hand the ballot-box, and on the other the bayonet, and behind him starvation. Therefore the appeal which we make is, that this Society will continue its labors, and send men to the South who will give the colored people a knowledge of their own power.

I must now, in a few words, take issue with our eloquent friend on the subject of the Indians. It is true that the President of the United States has appointed a few negroes to office; but it is also true that the one appointed in New Orleans as an Assessor, though a wealthy man and occupying a high position among his own people, is regarded by the late chivalry as an Indian, in order to show that the negro does not hold any important official position in the South. I fear we shall have to organize a society and call it a society to prevent the waging of a war of extermination against Indians, and invite Mr. Douglass to join that society, that he may not be too bitter against race. In view of his discrimination between the Indian and negro, although it may have helped to carry out his line of argument, we must call his attention to a few facts; for if he follows that too closely, he may commit the same sin that the nation has been committing against his own color. The Indian is an outlaw to-day, and therefore cannot be what the negro is, a citizen. When we shall make him a citizen, and give him the rights and privileges that pertain to the negroes, we shall see whether he will imitate them or not. Instead of that, we send our Sheridans and Shermans to exterminate them. It is not true that they will not imitate. In the early history of the settlement of this country, they discovered the use of fire-arms, and were very ready to avail themselves of the power which they furnish. An eminent Roman Catholic priest who has recently been among them, to introduce a knowledge of agriculture, says that they were so ready and desirous to learn, that they begged him to remain among them always. He left them for a brief period, returning to Germany, his native country. When he came back they planted potatoes. The Indians saw how they grew, and said they would plant them again, and let them remain another year, or several years, and they would grow as large as papooses! He saw also their readiness to adapt themselves to an agricultural life. But the government has refused to make them citizens, never has made to them the offer, exeept coupled with such conditions that it could not be accepted. We are now in the same danger of the extermination of the Indians as we were of the perpetual enslavement of the black man. But when you give this subject its widest scope, when you make the government a parent instead of a tyrant, when it presents to all the people under its charge the care and offices ota kind parent; when you call to these children of the forest in the wild woods, on their native plains, in the wilds of the South, and to the people in the remotest corners of the world, and say, "This government is a government to protect, to educate and to encourage all who dwell under its flag," then and then only shall we have entire and perpetual freedom. When we make no proud boasts of ourselves because we are a superior race, when we do not boast that we are not of the negro race, but only that we are human, and desire that all human beings shall possess equal rights and privileges, then we shall be proud to call ourselves the greatest nation of the world. I would urge, therefore, upon you and upon all our friends here who are to speak, not to make war, in any respect, upon any race, because, when we slay a race, we are slaying our own kindred. (Applause). When we rob a race of its rights, we are binding gyves upon our own limbs. When we refuse to recognize the humanity of one race or exalt another at their expense, then we are building up barriers that perhaps only through war and blood can be torn down. Let us not be too proud that we are Anglo-Saxons; that we can wage war against the red man, for he is fleet of foot and strong of limb, and perchance we may be slaying the very spirit that would give life and energy to the nation. Do we not cut down the forests and then plant them again? Do we not give to our cities the subtlest pestilence, because of the absence of nature? The red man, the negro, all the races of earth, are essential to our government, they constitute a portion of the life which nature has given; and Columbia will be the pattern of a true form of government, when of all these children beneath her flag, nor red man, nor black man, nor white man, nor woman, shall be deprived of any privilege which any other person enjoys. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT.—We have on the platform one of the band of English reformers—

VOICES—"Phillips"—"Phillips."

THE PRESIDENT.—Silence! We admit no rule of calling for speakers on this platform. You are to come here and listen, and any man who is not willing to listen, there is the door. (Applause).

Renewed calls for "Phillips."

THE PRESIDENT.—We present to you such speakers and at such times as we please.

A VOICE.—Phillips is on the bill.

THE PRESIDENT.—Silence! Any gentleman who knows the courtesies of an audience and is seated in these seats will preserve silence, and any man who has not the good manners, I request to retire. "(Phillips," "Phillips.")

As I was saying, we have on the platform one of the band of English reformers who has done noble service in every progressive movement in England; whose pen has contributed the most valuable efforts to the literature of the temperance cause, and whose tongue has been heard in every other. He comes to us to hold out the hand of recognition from the English reformers to those of this country. I present to you Dr. Lees, of England.

ADDRESS OF DR. F. R. LEES.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I will not abuse the opportunity which is presented to me, but I will deliver, with your permission, the message which I bear in my heart from old England.

The last meeting I attended in my native land was a meeting three times as large as this, and the last message of that meeting to America was this, which I was requested to deliver by that meeting of the people, not of the aristocracy: "Tell them we are their brothers; that we sympathized with them in their past struggles, and we wish them God-speed in that glorious and pure liberty which they are seeking to establish in their land." (Applause).

England is as much misrepresented in America as I know America and the American people have been misrepresented in Britain; and permit me, as in some sense a representative man, knowing the British people,—the millions of them, amongst whom for thirty years I have lived and moved,—permit me to say to you to-night, ladies and gentlemen, that there is no antagonism between the people of England and the people of America. Whatever our governments may have done to you or against you,—and they have done things against which, years and years ago, I for one persistently protested as an outrage,—whatever our governments may have done, be assured, ladies and gentlemen, that the heart of our people beats as one with yours in sympathy upon all these great questions. Let us have no war. Let it not be a question of power. Let it not, my dear friend, Mr. Douglass, be a question of dictation. We believe, I believe, that you have before you the greatest destiny ever presented on earth to any people. You must be wealthy, you must be powerful, and if you are wise, you will be great and you will be happy; but if you are unwise, you will not, with all your power. It is justice and love that shall secure the liberties of America, the liberties of England, and the liberties of the world.

Gentlemen, during your awful struggle, we went with you. We felt the terrible call of duty that was upon you, we sympathized with you, and we confessed that you set an example to the world. The government of England must not be confounded with the people of England. The voice of the government is not the voice of England. Lord Russell did not express the sentiment of England. What have we done since those words were uttered and that outrage done of which you complain? We have wrung power from that aristocracy, we have silenced that misrepresentation of our opinion. For the first time in the history of England, the British Parliament that sits to-night expresses, to some extent, the wish of the British people; and that wish you may be assured, is the wish of peace. Let us be as brothers. Let England be made peers by your example; let us help you by our sympathy in every noble work; but let us have no war. It will not pay to have war. Oh, let us be brothers. You are great, you are magnanimous; forgive the past of the English government, for the sake of the English people, who wish you all prosperity. (Loud applause).

THE PRESIDENT.—We have on the platform, ladies and gentlemen, two representatives of the government at Washington—a Senator from Massachusetts and a Senator from Nevada; and I know you would not be willing to separate at an hour like this, when every man's hopes and fears cling so closely to the policy and action of the government, without wringing a word, if possible, from the lips of the Senate itself. I hope, therefore, that I shall have the liberty of presenting to you Senator Wilson of Massachusetts. (Applause).

ADDRESS OF SENATOR WILSON.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—On my way to this city to attend a meeting to-morrow night, I saw in the papers of this morning that there was to be a meeting at this hall this evening, at which Mr. Phillips and Mr. Douglass were to speak, and I came here, as you did, to hear the ablest man of the colored race on this continent, and the most brilliant orator of the white race. (Loud applause). We have heard the one, and I know you all wish to hear the other. (Applause). It is rather hard, under these circumstances, to be put upon this stand to address this expectant audience. I will detain you but for a moment. (Calls of "go on," "go on.")

I will say to you, that I concur in all that has been said here to-night by those who have addressed you, that the work of anti-slavery men and women, whether they belong to the Anti-Slavery Society or to any other Society, is not yet done. (Applause). We have been told to-night that we are to put in the Constitution the Fifteenth Amendment. I am among those who now believe and have believed that we can and we shall put into the Constitution that Amendment. (Applause). I am among those who wish to go a little further than even that Amendment goes, and to give to the colored race the right not only to vote, but the right to be voted for. (Applause). I believe that that Amendment, when incorporated into the Constitution, as it will be, will give to the colored men of this country the power, after, perhaps, a brief struggle to secure it, the right to be voted for everywhere in this country; but when we have that Amendment in the Constitution, when the political struggle that will grow out of it to secure full and complete legal and constitutional rights to all the citizens of the United States, without respect to color, is finished, there will be a great deal to do in this country, to instruct the hearts of all of the American people to recognize the new era in which we live and to do justice to all classes and conditions of men in the country; and that work belongs especially to the men who have struggled during many years to strike off the fetters from the limbs of the slave. It belongs to that great political organization that has overthrown the slave power, and now holds the country; it belongs to the humane and Christian men and women of the United States, to labor in that work until it is completely accomplished. Sir, you and I, having taken some little part in these matters, may pass away, but the great day will come when in every part of this broad land, not only in law, but in reality, the black race will be equal to the white race, in every respect. (Applause).

We have here to-night, ladies and gentlemen, a Senator from the shores of the Pacific—from Nevada. I did not expect to meet him here to-night, but I am glad to meet him, and I am glad to say to you, that in the struggle of the last four years, he has been one of the truest, firmest and ablest of our champions in the Senate of the United States. (Applause). No man took a larger part than he did in the inauguration and carrying through of the Constitutional Amendment that is now before the country; and his young State over in the mountains was among the first, if not the first, to ratify it. (Applause). I am glad that he is here to-night, and glad that the Chairman is to have the privilege of introducing him to you. I will detain you no longer.

The PRESIDENT.—Then I shall have the pleasure of introducing Senator Stewart, of Nevada.

ADDRESS OF HON. WM. M. STEWART.

It is hardly fair to introduce me to this audience this evening. I came, as did the Senator from Massachusetts, to hear Mr. Phillips. I have read his speeches all my life, nearly, admired them much, and, never having had an opportunity to hear him, I wanted to hear him very much to-night. I trust we shall all have an opportunity to do so, for I will not detain you long.

The important work in hand, as has been suggested, is the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment. Its importance cannot be overestimated. If we can continue the effort, keep up the interest, success is sure. We can lose nine States and still secure its adoption. You can narrow down the battle-field at once and see where the work is to be done. The enemy cannot possibly secure more than nine States. Give them Kentucky, Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, California, and Oregon, and then we come down to debatable ground. I hope Rhode Island is not lost; I hope "Sprague's plantation" is not entirely lost, because we modified that Constitutional Amendment somewhat to please that State. But suppose we lose Rhode Island, we can lose Ohio and Indiana besides, and I believe that embraces all the debatable ground. If we do our duty, we can have the Constitutional Amendment. I believe that is the greatest step forward.

We have heard to-night that the negroes need land. They do need land; all people need land; but in our estimate of how they are to acquire land, we must consider what they have to acquire it with. They have the physical power of the South now. They have been taught to labor, and if they can make that labor available, they can acquire land. The aristocracy have no means of holding any considerable portion of that land. They are not laborers, and they have no law of primogeniture; they have got no privileged class, and if the laws are made equal, they must pay their proportion of the taxes, and in an agricultural country, no man can pay his taxes, if they are levied justly, on large tracts of land. Those plantations must be divided. I say, they have the physical power of the South, and they have a large share of the political power. For a time, the negroes may not understand their rights. They will be deceived; they will be maltreated; there is no doubt about that; and it is the work of all good men and women to teach them, to aid them, to show them their rights, to lead them in the right way; but with the political and physical power that they have, and with the rich country in which they live, I say they have a good prospect of success; and by what they have done hitherto, by the success they have had thus far, they give good promise for the future.

Political power is a great thing. The power to say who shall make the laws is a great thing. You cannot pass laws against any class so long as that class has the ballot. The ballot is the foundation of liberty in America. We all respect power. Power and self-interest are the only two forces that can compete with prejudice. Give a negro wealth, give him the power to confer office, and you will bring to his knees the most haughty Caucassian in the South. Wealth and power will certainly overcome prejudice. I say this race has a great deal of power, and when it has political power, when it has the ballot, it will be respected. You have been through the country and seen what politicians do. There is no child so dirty, there is no family so low as to escape the notice of the politician, if the father has a vote. We see that force operating already at the South. I conversed with hundreds of Southern politicians last winter, those of the first families, and they said, "This question of negro suffrage is going to regulate itself; no harm is coming from it." They accept it in Kentucky, in Virginia, in Tennessee, and everywhere, because there is a power in it which they respect. So it is important, if the work is to be accomplished, that we should secure the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment. This administration has taken, upon that question, a bold and strong stand, for which it is entitled to the respect and affection of the people. It has gone beyond the principles laid down in the Republican platform, and which were advocated by earnest men before the election. I say, then, that the administration, on this question, should be sustained. It has taken upon its shoulders the work of carrying this Constitutional Amendment, and if the people will continue to work, we can have it adopted in less than a year. Then, with this starting point, we will secure equality, we will place it in the power of every man to protect himself, to demand his rights. This idea of people giving rights—why, we don't do that thing. We don't give away political favors; you don't take care of your neighbors; that is not natural; but let every American be entitled to demand his rights, because he was born upon American soil, or because he was naturalized under American laws, (applause), and then we will have equality, then we will have no war of races.

The prejudice against the colored man will die out as soon as the power to trample him down dies out. It is your inferior that you have a prejudice against, but you will respect him, if he has the power to demand his rights. Now, the South never could have been free without the ballot; slavery never could have been abolished without the ballot. That is evident. Why, the first thing they undertook to do at the South, under Johnson's reconstruction plans, was to pass peon laws, to reenslave the negroes. If we leave the negro without the ballot, there will be a perpetual struggle on the part of the white race to reenslave him, because he cannot harm the white demagogue, cannot keep him out of office. The black man must have the ballot, or the work cannot be done; and I hope that we shall not go to sleep again just at the time when we are to have a most important victory.

When that victory is obtained, then we will go to the work of education; then we will go to the work of informing these people as to their rights, so that they can use the rights they have to elevate themselves in the scale of humanity. That I believe they will do. Let them come in contact with the laborers of the North; let them have the implements of agriculture which you have in the North; let those plantations be divided up; let emigration go there; it will benefit the whites as well as the blacks. And let me tell you that the people of the South will accommodate themselves to the situation, when they see that they are to have property under a system of free labor. No people in the world would sooner accommodate themselves to the situation than the people of the South. Agricultural labor is more valuable there than in any other part of the world. What you want is to root out every relic of slavery, and nothing will do it but the ballot. Equal taxation will follow the ballot. Secure these, and you have gained a new point of departure, from whence you may start to obtain a division of those vast plantations and a distribution of the land to the people who can cultivate it, and make it useful to mankind. There is no monopoly on earth so odious as the monopoly of land; and when our laws are properly understood and administered, giving to every man the chance to protect himself and to pursue whatever branch of industry he chooses, I say, when that is done, a monopoly of agricultural land is impossible. It is impossible at the South; it will beggar the men if they attempt it, and they must divide their lands. They must have their soil cultivated, they must have small farms there, as everywhere else, and that time will come speedily. Poverty follows a people who attempt to monopolize land and pay taxes on it. The people of the South cannot do it, unless they will consent to be poor, and to be bound to the soil. But if they will sell their land, as they do at the West, and let it be dotted with little farms, they will see the country prosperous. That is the inevitable result of free labor. Let us secure the ballot, so that the negroes can be protected in their rights, and you will see a thousand benefits follow from it. Let us continue this work until it is accomplished, and then we shall have more to do. But that is the first work in hand, and let me appeal to you not to slumber until it is done.

I cannot conclude without remarking that I have watched the men of this Society for many years. For many years, while it was carrying on its great struggle, I did not sympathize with it, but I have watched its growth and power, and I am bound to acknowledge that its moral force has been wonderful. The effects of its labors are now seen throughout the land, and it has every encouragement to go forward and complete its great work, by inspiring the hearts of the people with a desire for liberty. All they want is to have the road pointed out, and they will follow. Go on, then, with the good work. Let it be prosecuted until we have the final success, which is liberty and equality to all men in this great Republic.

CLOSING SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I think you will not find fault with me for having left you without that speech which some of you thought was announced, for no man can be blamed when he furnishes better than was promised; and you have had, in the testimony of one, the argument of another, and the official sanctions of the rest, something better than we dared to promise you in our programme.

I listened with great interest to the philosophical speech of Mr. Douglass, when he told us, in the spirit of that great rule of the New Testiment, "If you do the duty, you shall know of the doctrine." Every man who has watched this movement, and especially every man who has taken part in it, will bear witness, that years ago we supposed we were merely launching a generous crusade to help a victim race; but as the mists cleared, as we ascended the height of the new duty, the way opened before us; we saw that we were soldiers in one of the great normal movements of the growth of this nation; that we were partners in the realization of a great national idea, one that is not yet wholly carried out, which it will task your patience and crucify your prejudices fully to accomplish.

This Anti-Slavery Movement, represented here to-night by the American Anti-Slavery Society, is an effort, nominally, to break the negro's chain, and twenty years ago it was looked upon as vulgar fanaticism, as weak sentimentality, as a narrow and somewhat malignant philanthropy. But if you look at it to-day, with the light of the past irradiating the present, you will see, as Wm. H. Seward dimly saw at Rochester, before his brain went into eclipse, (laughter), that the irrepressible and hidden conflict which troubled the peace and perilled the existence of the nation, was in reality the prejudice against race—the original Saxon narrowness and self-conceit in the superiority of its own blood. We did not see it at first. Our fathers came together, and thought that they were merely joining two systems of labor, two antagonistic elements of civilization,—North and South; but if you look back at the history of the nation since 1776, and more especially since '89, you will see this, that there has been no great event, no noticable public struggle, no great reputation achieved, no masterly speech uttered on the floor of the Senate, which has not grown directly out of this struggle of the hidden race to assert its equality with the dominant race. The Anti-Slavery cause did not begin with Garrison; it was not monopolized by a Society, it is not held in the girdle of an anti-slavery name. You cannot put your hand on any remembered event in this government that is not connected with slavery; every thing else has faded out. Instead of our enterprise being a narrow, superficial, bigoted or sentimental movement, it is the warp and woof of the empire. The Motley of the future, the Macaulay of the next generation will speak of no great event, no marked speech, no reputation for the lesson of the future, except those connected with this question. Go back to '89. The fathers came together to form a constitution. Three weeks after they met, Madison said, "Gentlemen, we came here imagining that the quarrel was between great States and little ones—Delaware and Virginia. We have debated three weeks, and we find the friction is between slave States and free." The negro! Come down a dozen years, to 1801. Jefferson puts his foot on the Constitution, and the Federal party goes under in the great effort to purchase and annex Louisiana. For what! To fortify the South. The negro! Come down a dozen years, to the war of 1812,—everything in the interval is forgotten,—and then the Federal party went to Hartford. For what? To proclaim their faith that the great trouble of the nation was the three-fifth slave clause. The negro! And they died in uttering the protest. Then you come down seven years to the Missouri contest, which nearly wrecked the nation. The negro! Shall he carry his chain across the Mississippi? Then we come down to 1835, when Calhoun strangled the right of petition with one hand, and attempted to smother the mail with the other. The negro! And what has Congress been since, but an Anti-Slavery debating Society, paid eight dollars a day by the public? (Applause). Where is there a great name that stirs the pulses of the nation to-day, except those that have been borne on the current of this normal gravitating tendency of the race? What of Webster survvies except the infamy of the 7th of March? Where is Clay's declaration, in 1839, that it was moral treason to introduce the negro question on the floor of the Senate? The last ten years of his life were passed in nothing but an anti-slavery struggle! Who remembers Benton but when his lips debated the negro question, in connection with Mexico and Texas? Everything else has faded out; and, judging the future by the past, everything will fade out in our national history except this great contribution that we make to the lessons of the history of the world, how a nation shall eradicate its own narrowness and self-conceit. And we have nearly reached the end. We have made the negro a soldier, we have made him a citizen, and we are bound to make him a voter; and when we put that key-stone into the arch, oh, how, as the Western Senator has told us, the "pregnant hinges of the knee" will bend before that ballot-bearer, black or white, all over the nation! I have no fear for him. But it has always been the habit of the abolitionist, having done his duty, to look into the doctrine. Take a great name as an illustration. There is Sherman. A fine specimen of the outgrowth of pure, unadulterated American institutions, on the average. I have seen an autograph letter of Sherman, written in 1863, in which he said—"This nation is strong enough to put down the rebellion without the negro; I am for holding him off; I am for letting the North and South fight out this battle, and when we have ended it, we will keep the negro where he belongs." Then he added, parenthetically, or by way of postcript, "If you give him the bayonet, you are bound to give him the ballot." He had the logic to see that. We have taught Sherman a great deal. He admits, to-day, the necessity of the negro's citizenship and the negro's ballot. The logic of events has made him perform a march to a wider ocean than he reached when he went across the continent (applause), and, like Sir Isaac Newton, he is picking up pebbles on the shore of the great ocean of absolute justice. But, mark you, how like an American he learns it! Just like teaching a boy arithmetic. You put five apples in one pile and four in another, and you say, "My boy, how many are there?" "Nine." Then you put five nuts in one hand and four in the other, and you say, "How many do they make?" "I don't know." He thought the rule applied to apples! So Sherman having learned that the negro was a man, and, being a man, capable of wielding a sword and pointing a bayonet, *ergo*, he ought to have the ballot, was sent by Grant up to the Indians, where God presented him the same problem, under a skin a little lighter, and Providence said to him, "Do you think the Indian ought to be a citizen?" "No; five nuts and four don't make nine. Exterminate him! Trample him out! Take Custar out of his dungeon of military court martial and let him stain the nation's flag in the blood of the Sir Philip Sydney of the West, Moke-ta-va-ta!"

We have got to teach Sherman a great deal; we have got to teach the American people a great deal. We have spent a thousand million of dollars since 1789, because the nation did not and would not believe that the Indian was a man. A thousand million of dollars on the right hand, and three thousand millions of dollars on the left, to learn that the negro was a man; and it costs a million and a half of dollars to-day to kill an Indian. Yes; the Cheyennes went to war, and they were on the war-path several years. Four hundred and eight warriors started out against the banners of the Republic; they covered the frontier with fire and blood, and every pale face sought the protection of the cannon of the forts. At the end of a few years, they came in to make peace—four hundred and two! We had spent nine million of dollars, and killed exactly six Indians! (Laughter). In the meanwhile, the nation, having learned that four apples and five make nine, needs to know whether four nuts and five make nine. The same lesson! There it is to-day. Every ten miles from Plymouth to Omaha is marked as the scene of an Indian massacre; the proud banner of the Republic, that has survived the greatest rebellion that history ever saw, quivers to-day before 10,000 Indians, and we send the finest military genius of the war, Sheridan and Sherman, to the frontier, to hold up the arms of the Republic against ten thousand savages. Meanwhile, no white man dares to show his face on the prairies, out of the reach of cannon.

Now go to the other side of the lakes, and take a lesson from England. When she meets a tribe, she does not push it before her, as we do, as Mr. Douglass describes it; she encircles it in the arms of her civil laws. If an Indian trespasses, she does not send a regiment after him, as we do; she sends a constable. If he has a complaint, she does not send him to a colonel, as we do, she sends him to a justice of the peace, and what is the result? For 97 years, no Indian has lifted his hand against a subject of the Queen. (Applause). There is not a spot in Canada marked by white blood shed by Indian hands. For nearly a century, the Crown has not spent a penny on the Indian question; and to-day, while we cover the frontier with Colonels and Generals, an Englishman in Montreal dares to vault into his saddle and ride due West through the Indians to the ocean without a pistol. That is justice, and this is prejudice; that is civilization, and this is caste.

This Society, in its essence, not only covers the negro question, but, as our able and eloquent friend, Mrs. Tappan has explained to us, we bear the seed of the Indian policy in our movement. And when you have reached that, you have not reached the end. There is John Chinaman, on the other side the mountains. He comes from an alien blood and represents an alien civilization, but he is a workman. He floods California; he fills the channels of labor to the crests of the Rocky Mountains; soon he descends on the Eastern slope. It is a great problem, it is a vast cloud. Geo. Wm. Curtis will tell you that 40,000 Irishman on this peninsula, the tools of priests, the victims of bad governments and worse education, render civil government an impossibility in Manhattan. I am quoting the testimony of a New Yorker. I am not an outside barbarian, come to criticise. It is your own eloquent member of the Convention who tells the world, what all the world knew before he told it, that the great cities of the continent,—New York, New Orleans, Boston, Baltimore, San Francisco,—are blots; that in the aggregation of the dangerous classes and immense wealth, Republican government hitherto has been a failure. The surplus of a little island three thousand miles off, with seven million inhabitants, swamps the Empire City. What will the surplus of four hundred millions of Chinese do, tempted to our arms by empty prairies and high wages? The ballot box of Manhattan has gone down before the surplus of seven millions of Irishmen; where will be the ballot-box before the surplus of four hundred millions of Chinese? All the Western States show their American training, their lack of faith in their own principles, by sowing the seeds in their statute books of a Chinaman code—of a labor code; a different line of laws adapted to the Chinese and the native; different rules of labor; different processes of the courts; different rights; different privileges. All along the Pacific, Democracy says, "I can't carry out my theory;" just as our fathers said, in '89, "We can't carry out our theory." In the Convention met to make a government every man knew that the slave of the Carolinas was as much a man as John Hancock, but they said, "We can't say so." Governeur Morris, of your State, got up and said, "Gentlemen, you cannot found a government on two ideas; they will certainly fight. What you want is to hew to the line, no matter how many chips fly in your faces." "Too fast and too far," said the timid fathers; "that will never do." "Oh," said Pinckney, of our State, and his comrades further South, "If you adopt that principle, we will not come in." "Let them stay out," was the reply of Gov. Morris,—on the record. Tradition says, he said, "Let them go to——" (Laughter and applause). But they voted Gov. Morris a fanatic. He was no statesman! We look back, now, and we long to open that chamber and say to the fathers, "Oh, stop a moment! Believe in your own ideas. Trust justice and truth!" But the words were not spoken. They said, "Let us turn aside a wee bit, a tiny bit, just an inappreciable line from the straight one." Yes, it was inappreciable. It took a microscope of the love of justice, like Gov. Morris, to see it; but in a hundred years and less it widened, and between the two points are half a million of patriot graves, and three thousand million dollars of debt.

Just so we stand with the Chinaman to-day. There are many Americans who never go to an anti-slavery meeting; who have not been through an apprenticeship; who have, as our brother Douglass explained to you, had the negro thrust down their reluctant throats, but not into their minds; and the consequence is, they hold obstinately to the same theories, when the same idea comes up in a new form, that men held in this city in 1835 and 1837. I believe in the ballot-box. I am an ingrained Democrat. I believe in the equality of race. I do not believe a man was ever found so irredeemably ignorant, that if he was fit to be hung, he was not fit to vote. I do not believe a man was ever found so irredeemably demoralized, that, if the government could take a farthing out of him, it was not obliged to give him the right to say how that farthing should be spent at the ballot-box. Irishman, black man, Chinaman,—no matter where he was born, the American people are strong enough to absorb them all. (Loud applause).

I entered the Anti-Slavery Movement, as you did, with no particular want of pride of race, with no particular lack of Anglo-Saxon self-conceit, but slowly the Gospel opened before me, that the negro was just as good as I. Afterwards, as the great frigate of this movement went majestically over the waters, I peered out, and saw the little craft of Irish emigration seeking our shores. "Well," I said, "he is just as good as the negro." And when I had learned that, and all the workmen were shaping the keystone to put it in the arch, a broad-minded woman came to me and said, "Did you ever think that the same logic which made you give the right hand to the negro and the left to the Irishman would make you give both to the Indian?" Thank God, I was in a state of mind to say, "Yes." (Applause). I believe that this government never will be safe, never will be just, never will be founded on the true faith, until, as Gen. Grant said in his inaugural, you make the Indian a part of the government, a citizen, and then, as Douglass says, "Let him alone." I blush to-day at the swords of the Republic crimsoned and disgraced by blood better than theirs. Sheridan—SHERIDAN sends Custar out, with his sword ready drawn against the Indians, and Custar sends a letter to Sheridan—"I have had a glorious victory;" and Sheridan heads a despatch, "A brilliant victory." You read on, and Custar says,—"I came on a Cheyenne village; silent as night; careless as children; unheeding danger. I descended on the sleeping group, and slew men and women; and when the sun rose, I found myself in possession of 875 head of cattle, and as I could not carry them, I shot them." Well, if he, a warrior, on the war path, could not carry 875 head of cattle, how did Moke-ta-va-ta, on the war path, have 875 head of cattle? Oh, the American soldier descended on a peaceful village, filled with agriculture and industry and property, sleeping in peace under the flag of the Republic, and, like a ruthless savage, he trod it out in blood! ("Shame"—"shame.") You send your Generals, fresh from the great war that taught the nation that we had no eye to see race, to herald that victory to Washington as a brilliant success! Oh, it was a cold-blooded, deliberate butchery! And on the statute-books on the other slope of the mountains are now planted the seeds of the same enmity against China. Thank God, I know no Empire that is not large enough to embrace in its liberal bosom all bloods, all creeds, all tongues, all races, under one common law. (Applause). The distinctive anti-slavery pledge will be fulfilled when the keystone of the Fifteenth Amendment is in its place; but the essential principle of the anti-slavery crusade will not be reached and satisfied until the American race gets bold, and brave and high, and intelligent enough to believe with Jefferson, that "all men are created equal." I want it done; I want it out of the way; and the reason why I trouble you with it to-night is, because, hanging over the horizon, claiming a hearing, demanding our attention, are just as great, and some of them just as angry questions. There is woman, claiming the ballot. There is labor, claiming leisure and education. There is finance, that is destined one day to conciliate the quarrel between labor and capital. They all claim the field. They never can either one of them have it until this element of discord, hatred of race, is banished from the statute-books of the Republic. Why I am interested in that question is because I want the epoch finished; I want the seal put on the idea. I know the danger our friend, the Senator from Nevada, points out to us. Prompt reconstruction—the negro on his own homestead—his ballot meaning independence—oh, it is vitally important. The age is an age of battle; it is an era of revolution. The West Indies are leaping into the sisterhood of nations. Cuba will drag her sister islands into one great State, with a banner, and claim her place among the nations of the earth. (Applause). Who knows how soon the throne of France will crumble? Who knows what complications may yet come out of Spain? Who knows how soon the hidden *imperium in imperio*,—State within a State,—of the Working Men's Trades Unions of Great Britain will break the shell of seeming empire, and make the three islands the theatre of a tremendous conflict? Whenever any one of these events occurs, as long as the white race of the South holds the wealth, education, prestige and land in its hands, an enemy can encamp there at any time. Loyalty to-day is a pauper, and the rebel to-day of the Southern States is the rich, educated, aristocratic land-holder of that section of the Union. The great elements that mould the nineteenth century, the banking capital, the railroad capital, the land, the book-learning, are all on the side of the white race, and the government lingers, the government halts in the effort to put all these elements into the hands of the loyal, the nation-loving race. The mistake of the hour is not simply a mistake; it makes the next hour's duty impossible. Andrew Johnson gave back the railroads, he failed to confiscate the lands, and it is now impossible. We gave the white race Gibraltar—we cannot take it back. The steps that were taken in those unfortunate four years cannot be retraced. The Gibraltar that the white rebel holds to-day is his. The spite in his heart is undying. There is something really admirable,—like Milton's picture of Satan, admirable in its perfection,—in the story that Lieut-Gov. Dunn, of Louisiana, told me the other day. Presiding over the Senate of his own State for two months, the second office in the gift of a sovereign people, he comes down to New Orleans, and buys a ticket on the railroad that runs North, presents himself at the door of a first-class car, and the conductor has the sublime impudence, the actual height of impertinence to say to him, "No colored man is admitted into a first-class car." He refers the case to the Superintendent, and receives the same answer. Finally, he mounts to the head Beelzebub of the region, Beauregard, the President of the railroad, and there, with the sublime, admirable, inimitable, perfectly indescribable insolence of a thoroughly unreconstructed rebel, every drop of his blood secesh, Beauregard informs the Lieut-Gov. of his own State that he must take a seat in the second class car, and in this way, he leaves the city of New Orleans! To my mind, that is as beautiful a picture as Sir Walter Scott ever drew. I would like to have it painted side by side with Milton's second book, where he describes Satan himself, with crest erect, and all the colossal devils about him, in pandemonium. It is no ordinary crime, it is no vulgar impertinence; it is no pecadillo of a narrow mind; it rises to the sublimity of a national offence. That is the white man. That is the blood that circulates into the hand, and that hand holds the wealth, and that brain moulds the civil polity, and those feet stand on the landed property; and the Congress of the United States looks down on such a state of things, the earth quaking from hence to Canada, and does not hasten to say to the landless loyalty of the South, "Here is a homestead for every one of you." It seems to me it is madness; it is the utmost degree of national indifference and recklessness. We have been saved by the skin of our teeth so often, that we expect to be saved again—because we do not deserve it. (Laughter).

But, meanwhile, contemplate the majesty of the problem. You are filling your places in this great normal movement of the age. God is using your tongues and your hands in making the Saxon learn that another race is as good as his. You are doing your part to sweep the arena clean for the great problems that stand beyond it. I am glad that all the active years of my life have been given almost unconsciously and involuntarily, by the influence of circumstances which I do not even now understand, to service in this great army that was to root out the tap-root of this difficulty which has troubled the peace of the Republic. Some men say, "I shall feel my work done when Frederick Douglass is seated in the Senate, or when Harris of North Carolina is sent to the Court of St. James. I shall not feel my work done until every red man in the forest has a plough in one hand and a ballot in the other, and a representative of his own blood under one or the other of the domes of the Capitol. (Applause). I shall never feel my work and my epoch finished, until I see States on that western slope of the Pacific who believe in democratic institutions so intelligently and so courageously, that they will not even dream of planting the seeds of prejudice against China in their statute-books. (Applause). The saddest hour that I ever passed in feeling a contempt for the narrowness of my civilization, was when I was carried, in Milwaukee, to the farm of a German, whose wife was from the banks of the Ganges. Just before she died, remembering, on the far-off borders of the lake, the faith and the customs of her father-land, she said to her husband, "When I am gone, burn this useless dust, as my fathers' dust has been burned, under the sun of my native skies, for a thousand years." The fond husband reared behind his dwelling the funeral pile of the East Indies, and crowned it with the loved dust of his wife, in obedience to her last prayer; and then, with narrow, contemptible bigotry, a Presbyterian and Calvinistic mob broke into his enclosure, took the body of his wife from his custody, and insisted upon burying it according to the narrow notions of their own miserable and contemptible race. (Applause). And the German packed up his household gods, and went back to the banks of the Weser and the Rhine, where they recognize humanity in every blood, and religion under every form. (Applause). When I heard the anecdote, and looked on the blackened walls of the deserted dwelling, I said to myself, "God grant that my tongue may be winged with arrowy words, that shall teach this nation that God made black as well as white, and that the customs of one side of the globe are as much to be honored as those of the other!"

I remember, when I was at Rome, I saw the Colossal pillar of Trajan, and upon it was engraved, in obedience to the orders of the Emperor, the figure and the uniform of every tribe that he had gathered under his sceptre; and the whole world is represented, in one great sweeping procession, moving up to his statue, under the imperial rule of impartial Rome, worthy the name of an Empire. When I see that Capitol at Washington, with its pillared halls crowded with black and white, Indian and Saxon, Christian, Pagan and Jew, looking up with the same gratitude to the same banner, and uttering the same shibboleth of nationality in a hundred tongues, I shall feel that the American Anti-Slavery Society has done its work, and that the epoch is ended. (Loud applause).

Mr. Phillips' speech closed the exercises of the evening, and the meeting adjourned.

An exchange, commenting on the elections recently ordered in the South, says:

"Texas Republican editor in a recent interview

with the President, assured him that it would be folly to expect the Republican party to gain a victory, in case an election was ordered in Texas immediately, and urged a delay. The President stated that there would be no election in Texas before November, in any event, and also that General Reynolds had not recommended an early election, as had been intimated."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1869.

PHOTOGRAPH OF JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We have completed arrangements which enable us to offer, as an additional premium for new subscribers, a life-like, handsomely finished, medium sized photograph of JOHN G. WHITTIER. It is of the same size, and in the same finished style, as that of Mr. Phillips, and by the same artist, Mr. Augustus Marshall, 145 Tremont street, Boston. As a photographer, Mr. Marshall is equalled by few, and surpassed by none in Boston, or elsewhere. Each photograph will be accompanied by Mr. Whittier's autograph. We doubt not that many of our readers, by whom everything from Mr. Whittier's pen is fondly treasured, will be glad to avail themselves of this favorable opportunity to obtain a recent and truthful likeness of him. It is the best we have ever seen of him, and will, we have no doubt, give excellent satisfaction to his numerous friends.

To any one who will remit to us for two new subscribers, one year, ($6), or to any old subscriber, remitting also for one new subscriber ($6), we will send post paid a copy of the excellent photograph of Mr. Whittier.

To any one remitting for three new subscribers, ($9), or renewing, and remitting for two new subscribers ($9), we will send one copy of the photograph of John G. Whittier, and one of Wendell Phillips.

INDIANS.—CHINESE.

THE Indians will soon have a new ally. We shall feel them, as the Quaker advised his friend, "in our pockets." While the babble goes on in Wall street and College Halls about Finance, twenty thousand Indians on the war-path will cost us more than Boutwell can save. This Nation never did anything yet from pure principle. It has always been lashed to its duty by necessity. We freed the negro because only so could we save our Nationality. We shall soon do justice to the Indian because it costs too much to wrong him. Of late years five hundred, ten hundred warriors, on the war-path have cost us ten millions or five millions a year. But now Custar's butchery, Sheridan's vaporing and Sherman's fall before the Indian "Ring" have marshalled some fifteen or twenty thousand men against us. Judging by past experience it will cost us fifty millions a year, perhaps more. Turn your thoughts this way, ye sapient Professors of Political Economy, and drivellers in the *Daily Advertiser*, you will save more by one measure of justice on the plains than by swapping bonds and prosing about gold for a dozen years. There's an old Saxon proverb about the "Spigot," which ought to be written in gold on the Dome of the Capitol. Written in old English letters it would not look vulgar. The only trouble would be, none but an occasional Episcopalian member, or a German, could read it.

See to it, Mr. Ela, that no quire of paper is paid for unless actually used. Let no member pocket coin, or accept broadcloth and have it charged "paper." We cannot afford such tricks. The Indian war sponges up all the money.

Do not think, Senators, of paying Denmark seven millions for her Islands. What if we did promise; no matter. Custar needs it for his last month's butcher pay. Denmark cannot fight us and will not buy up the House of Representatives. The "Indian ring" can and will do both.

But brighter hours will come. The Indian war will cost us as much in a month as the Pacific Railroad "Ring" IN CONGRESS cheated us out of in a year. Then after the *Tribune* has finished its series of articles on the Tariff (why will that paper burden its "Daily" with such novelettes and long "continued" Tales—leave them to the *Ledger*. Fiction spoils a newspaper) then Mr. Greeley will find some better use for his type than to herald Custar's murders as "brilliant victories." He will cease to advocate "extermination" merely because an ingrained Democrat and aristocratic West Pointer, Gen. Sherman, dozes into that policy.

We only wish we could see the same bright hours near ahead for the Chinese. The codes of the West are stained with laws against them. Religous prejudice is added to race hatred. Negro hate was tempered sometimes a little by sectarian partiality. He was a Baptist—a Methodist. That was something. Well do we remember the day after that sad surrender of Burns in Boston, meeting a Baptist church member, whose heart had never stirred during all that horrible week. But after Burns was gone the icicle heard that Burns was a Baptist! Hurrying up to us he asked if that were true. "Yes, Burns was indeed a Baptist," was our answer. Flaming into new wrath the hot sectarian cried out, "Well, Sir, *then* his surrender was infamous!" But the Chinese is a pagan. Nothing softens the hate of him. Social Science even disowns him. Mr Charles Francis Adams likens the immigration of the Chinese to an immigration from Sodom! This learned Doctor in Social Science, this eminent son of that eminent Republican sire, who misrepresented us in London for eight eventful years, ventures the opinion that the Chinese "will brutalize the inhabitants of the Pacific States MORE THAN THE CONTACT WITH THE HARMLESS AFRICAN EVER BRUTALIZED THE SOUTH" ! ! ! Very harmless (!) a man must be who "*brutalizes*" his neighbor! But mark the last discovery of Social Science (!), it was contact with the African that *brutalized* the South! If that has been the doctrine maintained at our Legation in London, no wonder all England is aghast at Mr. Sumner's speech. The wonderful essay containing this marvellous discovery is printed in the *Journal of Social Science* for June, 1869. The author belongs to a family which wakens slowly mornings. Their eyes cannot bear much light suddenly. Bred at a college which was then the lumber room of "lost causes and exploded ideas," he sallied forth to enlighten this benighted world; and lo, the result! Jefferson Davis had never been capable of establishing Libby Prison and Andersonville, if he had not been "brutalized by contact with the harmless African!" Admiral Semmes would have been as respectable a pirate as Capt. Kidd but for the same "brutalizing contact." That Doctor who planned to spread the plague in Northern cities by selling infected clothes, and to introduce poison into the Hospitals, never conceived the horrible idea himself, dear innocent fellow—oh! no! he got it from a "harmless African" with whom he had been unfortunately brought in "contact!" See how much one learns by going to London and helping his father misrepresent his native land! Let every man who wished to keep posted in these rare ideas take the *Journal of Social Science*. Then he will know exactly what these learned pundits consider the lesson of the late war.

For the Adams family always mean to stand just as far ahead as it is respectable and *useful* (to themselves) to stand. Old John Q. Adams in his last years ventured on one or two questionably respectable ideas. But he was just then too much provoked to observe the family caution. His young namesake, the other day, distinguished, or disgraced, himself unnecessarily at the South. But his father was absent and we know what will happen when the cat's away.

Still all is safe. Only let the Chinese have the ballot and be able to help a man up those steps that lead to the Senate Chamber or to the White House, and there will be found an Adams and a social science to maintain that the Chinese race is the very best timber out of which to carve voters.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, Tuesday, May 25th, 1869.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK here is well inaugurated. The Labor Reform Meeting is in progress to-day, in the Meionian. It is to be addressed this evening by Wendell Phillips. The Women Suffrage Convention will open with a session this evening at the Tremont Temple, with addresses by Mrs. Livermore of Chicago and others. Three sessions of the Women's Rights Convention will be held to-morrow, with an address by Mr. Phillips in the morning session. Mrs. Howe, Lucy Stone, S. S. Foster, Miss Cozzens of St. Louis, Mary F. Davis, and other well-known advocates of the cause will be among the speakers. There is to be also to-morrow morning a special meeting of the Radical Club, held in Mrs. Sargent's parlors, at which a paper on Literature is to be read by Rev. JOHN WEISS. Mr. Emerson, John G. Whittier and others well known to our readers, in connection with this Club, are expected to be in attendance.

The New England Anti-Slavery Convention is to assemble in Horticultural Hall on Thursday, day and evening. There is promise of an unusually interesting meeting. There will be a strong array of able and eloquent speakers, including Mr. Phillips, Mary ~~Grew~~, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mr. Frothingham, Mrs. Cora Daniels Tappan, Mrs. Rockwood, S. S. Foster and others. On Friday will be held the second Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association. There is much disappointment that Lucretia Mott, who was expected to participate in this meeting, will not, from recent severe illness, be able to attend. A full synopsis of the proceedings of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, and some account of the other meetings we have mentioned, our readers may expect in the next and subsequent issues of THE STANDARD.

There are "great expectations" concerning the Peace Musical Celebration soon to be held here. Would that it might commemorate the advent of a true "peace" in Georgia, Texas, and throughout the still troubled and bloody South.

A. M. P.

DOES ORTHODOXY OPPOSE WOMEN'S RIGHTS?

It is supposed by some that the people called orthodox go, with great unanimity, against the granting of the ballot and the right of free public speech to women. Understanding that Hon. Whiting Griswold of Greenfield, Massachusetts, (the Chairman of the Committee who have just made a Report to the Massachusetts Legislature in favor of women's suffrage) is a gentleman of the firmest orthodoxy, we think it may be well to copy that portion of his Report which explains the New Testament view of that subject. He says:—

Finally, it is objected that the Bible is against the reform we are advocating. It is of the utmost importance to every Christian man to know what the inspired volume teaches on this or any other subject under consideration. But we believe the Bible, thoroughly studied and correctly interpreted, so far from being in conflict with this change in the political condition of woman, aims at the establishment of perfect equality of all races and both sexes before human laws. The fundamental principle of Christianity is equality, progress, growth, improvement. No one now thinks of holding us to all the provisions of the Mosaic law. The Christianity of the New Testament was a spiritual kingdom, not a political or a social system. It recognized the existing civilization of the age—not as conditions which would never change, but as a necessity which would continue till swept away by the light of religion itself,—so that we must not confound any recognition which Christ or the apostles made of the existing order of things, for the purpose of propagating this spiritual kingdom, as an argument in favor of the perpetual continuance of that condition of political or social life.

An argument against woman's suffrage is taken from some passages in the New Testament, which seem to teach the subordination of woman and to direct that she shall take no part in public affairs.

On the other hand, there are other texts which declare the equality of woman with man, and set aside all distinctions of privilege or opportunity based on difference of sex. To the latter class belong such passages as these, Galatians iii. 28: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, *there is neither male nor female;* for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." To the former class belong the texts in which the apostle (I. Cor. xiv. 34) says, "Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law; and if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home; for it is a shame" (perhaps better a "disgrace," "discreditable,") "for women to speak in the church." In the first of the above texts, the apostle lays down a broad principle; in the other, he limits its application in a particular case. Now, it often happens that a principle indubitably and universally true, cannot be immediately put into execution. An example of this is to be found, Matt. xix. 3-9. Jesus here lays down the principle that according to the ideal view of marriage, it is a merging of the two separate personalities in one. According to this original and divine idea, divorce, except for the crime which dissolves the marriage itself, is wrong, and ought not to be allowed. Yet Moses, a divine law-giver, allowed it. Why did he do so? He permitted men to divorce their wives for "some uncleanness." Deut. xxiv. 1., Jesus answers, "Moses, because of the hardness of your hearts, suffered you to put away your wives—but from the beginning it was not so." Law regards the eternal truth; legislation the present possibility. When, therefore, we find in the Bible a *principle* laid down looking one way, and a *direction* or command looking the other way, we may be pretty sure that the principle is one of eternal law, the command of merely temporary legislation. The principle *here*, is that in Christianity there is no difference between man and woman. The command, is that while Christian men may give Christian instruction in the churches, Christian women must not. The first is eternal law, the second is only temporary legislation. Now, can we find any state of circumstances, existing in Greece at that time, which made it disgraceful and discreditable for women to appear in public, and to teach in public? We *can* find such reasons in existing circumstances. Potter, "Antiquities of Greece," iv. 13, says "that the Greek women of a respectable character were rarely allowed to appear in public, but had assigned to them a secluded part of the house. Their rooms were secured with bolts and locks. When they went abroad they were closely veiled. In Athens, [he says,] there were three classes of beings—men, women and courtezans. To the women were assigned retirement, constraint, ignorance and legal respect. To the other class, freedom, education, accomplishments and contempt." It appears from a treatise of Xenophon, that the virtuous women in Athens "lived under a *surveillance* which the severity could hardly exceed. Her organs of sight, of hearing and speech were strictly restrained, and the friends confined to letting her see as little, hear as little, and ask questions as little as possible." What a change there had already taken place in the condition of women, under the emancipating influence of Christianity, where they were already freely allowed to attend the frequent meetings of the church, had already began to lay aside the veil, and to teach and preach in public! The danger, of course, was, that they would be confounded in the public mind with the abandoned women, so numerous in Corinth, and of course it was very proper that in such state of society, and amid such customs, their Christian liberty should be temporarily restrained, on the principle laid down by the apostle: "All things are lawful to me, but all things are not expedient." Accordingly the apostle, while he freely allows the women to attend the public and private meetings of the church, directs them not to speak; or if they do, at least to wear a veil, the usual distinction of respectable women. (I. Cor., xi. 5). But does it follow from this, that in such a different state of society as ours, this direction of Paul is a good reason for refusing to allow women to speak in public, or to vote? Throughout Christendom, woman is not secluded as she was in Greece and is now in Mohammedan lands, nor compelled to be thickly veiled if she goes into the street. We see no impropriety in women appearing unveiled in the streets, in churches, in public conveyances, in the places of amusement. Female teachers may publicly examine their pupils without being veiled; women may sing in public without veils, in the church and at the concert; in some of the churches they preach; in many they exhort, and the public decorum is not disturbed. If the prohibition of Paul is not enforced on these occasions, how can it possibly apply to prevent women from voting?

It is creditable to this gentlemen, further, that he does not shrink from exposing the unsoundness of the view taken by a prominent advocate of his own faith, as follows:—

Rev. Dr. Todd, of Pittsfield, in his book called "Woman's Rights," states the matter more energetically. He says: "Moreover, there is something so unseemly in having women wading in the dirty waters of politics, draggling and wrangling round the ballot-boxes, *i. e.* mingling with the mobs and rowdies of New York City, that I wonder she ever thinks of it." Why does Dr. Todd, living in the quiet little town of Pittsfield, where no disorder at the polls *ever* occurred,—living in Massachusetts, in whose *cities* even, trouble or violence at the polls is a rarely exceptional occurrence—feel obliged to go to New York City for an illustration! Is it because over-statement is absolutely essential to his case? Is it because if he painted the polls as they are in a very great majority of towns, there would appear no difficulty in a woman's quietly depositing her ballot there? The first thought excited by these and other similar statements is that they are excessive *over* statements of the condition of things in ninety-nine out of a hundred of the polling places throughout this State. In most of our towns and cities, a woman would find no more obstruction or annoyance in going to vote than she would in going to the post-office, or going to buy a hankerchief, or a pair of gloves. And even in the exceptional cases, if there be such, she could easily stay away. Very few votes would be lost from this cause.

The way he follows out this idea is very suggestive and practical:—

But further, it is noteworthy, that these writers, painting our existing politics in such dark colors, do not propose, or expect, to have them improved for *men*. They apparently acquiesce in the deplorable state of manners and morals which they describe, and neither move, nor expect any of the men, their political associates, to move in the direction of reform. If their chosen method shall be still pursued they have (apparently) no hope but that men of clean morals will keep away from the elections of town, county and State officials, and leave the worst part of the population to elect *their* favorite candidates. Here, as well as in the argument, the advocates of women's suffrage have the advantage of them. For they see that deterioration is to be expected from the systematic exclusion of one sex from an important department of the thought and work of human society; they see that as men and women grow worse, and lead poorer and meaner lives when completely separated from each other in convents and monasteries, so the artificial exclusion of one sex from any particular department of life works injury to that department; and they propose, not that this evil shall continue and increase, but that a remedy shall be applied. One chief reason why disorder sometimes occurs at a polling-station is because the refining influences of woman's presence are excluded from it. The expected participation of women in that duty, the bare knowledge that they were to come to that place to deposit their votes, would have a very strong tendency to abate any customary uncomeliness in the place and in the frequenters of it; but, if in any instance a woman *were* insulted in the act of voting, a storm of indignation would be aroused which would take effectual measures to make that place, forever after, as safe for a lady as her own parlor. But who ever saw a man mean enough to insult a woman at the polls? If there exist such meanness, it would be a reason for excluding men, not women.

We give, elsewhere, from *The Tribune*, two articles, one detailing the facts in the Indiana ratification case; the other the comments of the *Indianapolis Journal*. But Senator Morton's views will be learned from this item copied from the *Boston Journal*:

"Senator Morton, it is stated, is preparing an argument on what constitutes a quorum in the Indiana State Legislature, in which he maintains that it is two-thirds of the actual membership of either House, and that the number will vary with the variance in actual membership. In case of the resignation of forty members the House consists of what is left, and two-thirds of them is a quorum."

SEE how common sense justice clears away legal cobwebs. Grant is his own best Attorney-General:

THE EIGHT HOUR LAW.—PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT.

WASHINGTON, 21st.—By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the act of Congress approved June 25th, 1868, constituted on and after that date eight hours for a day's work for all laborers, workmen and mechanics employed by or on behalf of the Government of the United States, and repealed all acts and parts of acts inconsistent therewith:

Now, therefore, I, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, do hereby direct that from and after this date, no reduction shall be made in the wages paid by the Government by the day to such laborers, workmen and mechanics on account of such reduction of the hours of labor.

In testimony whereof, I have hereto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this 19th day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine, and of the Independence of the United States, the ninety-third.

(Signed) U. S. Grant.

By the President,

HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State.

PERSONAL.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke, says the *Liberal Christian*, gave an admirable lecture in his Church recently on George Fox and the Quakers. He claimed that almost every reformation of this century was anticipated by the Quakers.

Mr. Charles Storrs of Brooklyn,—who in company with his wife, daughter and Miss Edna Dean Proctor, returned a year ago from a journey of fifty thousand miles in Europe, Asia, and Africa,—set out on Tuesday, May 11th, with the same party of travellers on an American tour to California and back, by way of the newly-opened Pacific Railroad.

Mrs. Frances E. W. Harper will lecture at Shiloh Presbyterian Church, corner of Prince and Marion streets, in this city, on Monday evening, May 31st. Mrs. Harper has just returned from an extended tour South, and her subject, "Our Work, or Work Before our People," is the result of her observations of the true needs of her people. We trust that there will be a good attendance at an address that cannot fail to be interesting and instructive. Lecture to commence at eight o' clock. Admission twenty-five cents.

The Hon. Ebenezer D. Bassett, the new Consul General to Hayti, was warmly welcomed by the colored citizens of this city at Zion Church on the evening of the 26th inst. A very large audience, composed of the most intelligent colored people, was in attendance. Mr. Wm. P. Powell presided, and addresses were made by the chairman, Mr. John J. Zuile, Cashier of the Freedman's Bank, Rev. Wm. Wray and others. Mr. Bassett acknowledged the compliment of the reception in a suitable address, and, after some excellent singing, the meeting at a late hour adjourned.

The Springfield Republican says:

"The University of Edinburgh has got the start of Harvard college, and opened its doors to women. On March 27th, the Senatus Academicus resolved, by a majority of ten to four, to admit Miss Sophia Jex Blake to the botany and natural history classes during the summer session. Her application was to be allowed to attend these classes without formal matriculation, so as to test practically the question of the admission of women to the university classes. It came in the first instance before the professors of the medical faculty, who, by a majority, agreed to admit Miss Blake, and this decision was confirmed by the Senatus. Miss Blake is well known in Boston, where she lived for some years, although an Englishwoman. She applied for admission to the medical department of Harvard college, but was flatly refused. If she should try again a few years hence, she would find the doors wide open. She had access in Boston to the New England women's hospital, where she studied for some time."

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, May 23d, 1869.

BEYOND doubt, this is an age of progress. What a large instalment of success was shown in your late Anti-Slavery meeting! and what mutual congratulation between white and black abolitionists thereat! The opposition organs have not yet got over their astonishment that the orators of the Anti-Slavery cause are at last satisfied with some things, and willing to praise some men. The people of this land are certainly learning something. Since the changes from conservatism to reform that the last year has brought us—striking instances of which were given in Stephen S. Foster's speech in New York,—I am convinced that Captain Scott's old story of the coon is true, and that many conservative old coons of the human species may be expected to "come down" and join the winning party between this time and the ratification of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Amendments to the Constitution. If only every one of the *rich* ones would "come down with their dust" as they ought to do, and complete the many back payments fairly due from them!

There is progress in another matter. The London correspondent of the *Commonwealth* tells us of "The National Sunday League," in that city, which organizes, monthly, great Sunday excursions, and which took 1,500 persons, by rail, to Box-hill on the first Sunday in May, and proposes Eastbourne and Beechy Head for the June excursion. Such arrangements ought to be made, and (Praise the Lord!) will be made, in every great city. Sunday is yet to be utilized for the hard-working classes. It was no small step, considering our puritanic education here, for the Young Men's Christian Union to open their Reading-room on Sunday a few months ago. But the West strides ahead of us. In Chicago and Milwaukee it is the Young Men's Christian *Associations*, orthodox bodies, that have voted by decided majorities to keep their Reading-rooms open on Sunday. May we not thankfully join in singing Watt's hymn—

"Behold, the blind their sight receive?"

even if we have to omit the second and third verses.

Nay, there is progress in that quarter here also. For, I mention it strictly in confidence, an orthodox Boston minister, in conversation with one of our friends, expressed his doubts whether he had not gone too far in opposition to women's suffrage; and moreover, being unaffectedly surprised to hear that the Bible did not support his doctrine of an obligatory Sunday—he asked for, and received documentary evidence on that question, which he promised to examine.

Moncure D. Conway, for some time past a preacher in London, tells us in *The Radical* that W. H. Gregory, M. P., is to introduce in Parliament a bill for the opening of the British Museum and the National Gallery on Sundays. A petition to this effect was carried about by Mr. Conway among the shopkeepers and laborers of his neighborhood, as a means of ascertaining the wishes of the common people in regard to it. He received the signatures of about half the number applied to, and noticed that the class called in England "publicans," the keepers of gin-palaces and the like, were invariably in the opposition; understanding very well that it was a rival establishment which they were asked to support.

There has been a hitch in our Legislative proceedings in regard to women's suffrage. The printing of 5,000 extra copies of the Committee's favorable Report, which was asked for, was opposed on the ground that certain references to our laws in that Report were one-sided and incomplete, and thus calculated to mislead. It curiously happens that the former of these objections is true in the letter, though the latter, an alleged tendency to mislead the community, is not true. For instance: we have repeatedly had cases in which a wife has been confined in an insane asylum by her husband, on a false charge of insanity, and kept there for months, not only without being permitted to see her friends, her blood relations, or her legal counsel, but with a perfect concealment from all these of her place of seclusion. Our law is so framed that a man of power and influence *can* perpetrate an outrage of this sort. The opposers say that, though this is true, as far as the phraseology of the laws is concerned the sexes are equal, and the wife might do the same thing to her husband. The women well reply—Even thus, the law needs to be amended; but it remains true that the practical operation of this law is unequal, for the outrages thus referred to were actually committed by men, and they, far easier than women, could obtain the needful complicity of careless or unprincipled physicians. The feeling in the community, a result of tradition, custom and false theology, has always been inclined to support the husband's claim of the right of custody of his wife's person.

In consequence of this objection, the Report was referred back to the Committee for alteration last week, and now the debate upon it will very likely come in the midst of the hurry and bustle of anniversary week, perhaps on the day when the women are occupied with their own meeting.

NORTH.

THE INDIANA CASE.

1. A majority in either branch of the Legislature of Indiana is Republican.

2. That majority decided and have voted to ratify the XVth Amendment to the Federal Constitution.

3. The Constitution of Indiana requires the presence of two-thirds of the members elected to either House to constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

4. The Democratic minority of the Senate, seeing no other way to defeat the ratification, with the exception of two or three who represented doubtful districts, resigned, thus breaking the quorum. Those who resigned were reelected with little or no opposition.

5. The Legislature, which the resignation had suddenly broken up, was now reconstituted—the Democratic minority refusing to come in till it had been stipulated by the Republicans that the XVth Amendment should not be acted on till a specified day, before which all other business could be finished. This engagement was kept.

6. Now the Amendment was taken up again, and the Democratic members, with one or two exceptions in each branch, thereupon proffered resignations, intending to break the quorum.

7. In the Senate, the Democratic members kept on voting until the Constitutional Amendment came up, and acted as if they had precisely the same rights as other members. The moment the Amendment was reached they raised the point of order that no quorum was present, nearly all of them having resigned. The presiding officer ruled that, as no official notice of their resignation had been received, and as they had continued acting as members, he must treat them as such. Their theory of action was like that of the hunter who aimed at the animal in the distance so as to hit it if it was a deer and to miss it if it was a calf. This ingenious theory was not accepted, and the Amendment, on receiving the due majority, was sent to the other branch.

8. In the House the Governor's message, announcing the resignation of forty-two of its members, was received before the Amendment came up. One of the remaining Democrats raised the point of order that this left the body without a Constitutional quorum. The Speaker ruled that while, under the State requirements, sixty-seven members were necessary for a quorum to do business, this was a measure sent from Congress, concerning the National Government, and that nothing required more than a majority to constitute a quorum for dealing with it. Appeal was taken, the Chair was sustained, and then, fifty-four members, (more than a majority), being present, the amendment was ratified.

Hereupon,

9. The proper officers will doubtless certify, if they have not already certified, the fact of ratification, leaving its validity to be adjudged by the Federal Secretary of State or by Congress.

—Such, stated succinctly, are the facts in the Indiana case.—*New York Tribune.*

INDIANA AND THE XVTH AMENDMENT.

The Indianapolis Journal thus presents the argument in favor of the validity of the action of the Indiana Legislature in accepting and ratifying the XVth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States:

"The House yesterday, by a vote of fifty-four yeas to no nays, passed the joint resolution of the Senate ratifying the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. The Democrats had resigned, but the Republicans deemed that the action of a majority would be valid under the Constitution of the United States, and disregarded the absence of the minority and the reduction it made of the number present below a quorum. That they will be sustained in this course by Congress we have no doubt, and that they ought to be sustained and the vote of the State set down for ratification, no rational man can doubt. That vote was cast by a majority of all the members elected in each House, all that even the State Constitution requires to enact any measure. The only objection that can be made is, the failure of the House of Representatives to comply with a form of the Constitution of the State, which requires two-thirds to be present to witness the action of the majority. We admit that this failure would invalidate any act of legislation relating exclusively to the State, and to be judged by the State courts; but it cannot be admitted that it will invalidate acts affecting the United States. Congress has a right to determine what shall be a State, and what shall be valid State action, so far as the General Government is concerned, and it is not within the power of any State to limit that right, as our Constitution would do if it could force the forms it imposes for its own business upon that which it does for the United States.

"Our own Constitution may prescribe that for our business two-thirds of the Legislature must be present, but it cannot say to Congress that if two-thirds are not present, the action shall not be accepted as that of the State. The Senate of the United States settled this effectually in the memorable case of Jesse D. Bright and Graham N. Fitch, elected Senators by a joint convention of a majority of the whole number of members of the Legislature, but convened by the vote and consent of but one House, and with but a minority of the other House present. Here, there was totally lacking the form of consent to the Electoral Convention by one House, and totally lacking a majority of one House to give validity to the action of that Convention. Yet the Senate held that, as a majority of the 150 members who compose both Houses was present, there was the substance of the State authority present, and the substantial power of the State having been exercised, though in disregard of forms, the United States would recognize and except it. In the present case a majority of both Houses, one by a full compliance even with the forms of the State Constitution, the other by the majority required by the State Constitution, but in disregard of a form which the Bright case decided to be unimportant, have ratified the amendment. The substance of the State authority, and a portion even of the non-essential State forms, were present and exercised in the act. If the Bright and Fitch election was valid, this ratification is *a fortiori* valid. It will be so accepted by Congress, we have no doubt, and we don't think any reasonable and candid man has any doubt about it. The amendment is a settled thing. It is sure, of twenty-nine States, and the long agony is over.—*Ib.*

The Indiana Legislature adjourned on the 17th inst. The ten Democratic Senators remaining in the Senate endeavored to have a Democratic stump speech incorporated in the proceedings of that body, in the shape of a protest against the legality of the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment, but it was refused.

The Hon. Albert G. Brown, a prominent statesman of Mississippi, who long since discovered that the attempt to break up the Union was fairly beaten on the battle-field, was recently invited by prominent citizens to present to the public his views of the political situation. He responded in a calm, dispassionate, and sensible letter, in which he says:

"We accept the Fifteenth Amendment.

"We pledge ourselves one to another, disregarding color and former political opinions, to deal justly by all men, and to secure perfect equality of civil and political rights to every one before the law."—*Boston Journal.*

LITERARY.

In September last Messrs. J. B. Ford & Co., publishers of this city, commenced the publication of a neatly printed weekly pamphlet entitled, *Plymouth Pulpit*, and devoted exclusively to Mr. Beecher's sermons. Their enterprise we understand has been very successful. Many persons have availed themselves of the opportunity thus presented to read regularly better sermons from Mr. Beecher than they can generally hear elsewhere.

Messrs. Ford & Co. have just issued the first series of these discourses, covering a period of six months, in one handsomely printed and substantially bound volume of 438 pages. They present with it a new steel portrait of Mr. Beecher from a photograph by Rockwood, The price of the volume is $2.50.

The Galaxy for June contains: "Put Yourself in his Place," by Charles Reade, Chapters VIII and IX, with an illustration; "'George Eliot' and George Lewes," by Justin McCarthy; "The Throne of Louis Philippe," Its Erection and its Overthrow, No. 1, Its Erection, by John S. C. Abbott; "The Duchesne Estate," by J. W. De Forest, with an illustration by Winslow Homer; "To J. R. L. on His Fiftieth Birthday," by C. P. Cranch; "Animal Food, its Preparation for the Table," by John C. Draper, M. D.; "Susan Fielding," by Mrs. Edwards, Chapters XVIII, XIX and XX; "New York Journalists," by Eugene Benson; "General Jomini," by G. B. M.; "To be Being, or Not to be Being: *That* is the Question," by Richard Grant White; The Galaxy Miscellany; Drift-Wood; Literature and Art.

The Temperance Speaker is the title of a new book of 288 pp., edited by J. N. Stearns, and recently issued by the National Temperance Society. It is a book of speeches, dialogues, and recitations in prose and poetry, designed for all Temperance organizations, and well adapted to Sabbath and other schools, from the pens of the best American Temperance writers. It contains a large amount of Temperance instruction, and should be widely circulated.

Among the recent publications for juvenile readers by Messrs. Lee and Shepard of Boston, are two very pretty little volumes, handsomely illustrated and full of interest to those for whom they are intended, *Dotty Dimple at School*, the fifth of the "Dotty Dimple Stories;" and *Salt Water Dick*, of the "Helping-Hand Series," by May Mannering.

Macmillan and Co., London, have paid Mr. George W. Smalley a well-deserved compliment by publishing in book form, a very handsome edition, his elaborate and finely written review of John Bright's speeches, which appeared in *The Tribune* a few months ago.

RECEIVED.

THE NEW WEST; OR, CALIFORNIA IN 1867-68. By Charles Loring Brace. 373 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

MEDICINAL DRINKING. By Rev. John Kirk. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.

WILL THE COMING MAN DRINK WINE? By James Parton. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.

THE ALCOHOLIC CONTROVERSY from *Fraser's Magazine*, September, 1868. Manchester: United Kingdom Alliance.

Putnam's Magazine for June. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

The Philadelphia University Journal of Medicine and Surgery. W. Paine, M. D., Editor.

IS ALCOHOL FOOD? OR, THE DAILY USE OF STIMULANTS DEFENSIBLE? By Dr. F. R. Lees, F. S. A. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.

THE TEMPERANCE SPEAKER. A collection of origina and selected dialogues, addresses and recitations for the use of Temperance Organizations, Schools, Bands of Hope, Anniversaries, etc. Edited by J. N. Stearns. 288 pp. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.

IS ALCOHOL A MEDICINE? An inquiry into the real sons and results of the proscription of intoxicating liquors in the practice of medicine. By Dr. F. R. Lees, F. S. A. Edin. 138 pp. London: Trubner's, 60 Paternoster Row.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN; AND OTHER POEMS. By Mrs. E. H. J. Cleaveland. 95 pp. New York: Clark and Maynard.

Sixteenth Report of the Executive Committee of the United Kingdom Alliance, to procure the total and immediate legislative suppression of the traffic in intoxicating liquors as beverages. Manchester: United Kingdom Alliance.

Report by the Committee on Intemperance for the lower House of Convocation. London: Longman, Green, Reader and Dyer.

OBITUARY.

DAVID SCOTT.

DIED.—On the 9th inst at Newtown Square, Pa., David Scott, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. From the earliest period of the Anti-Slavery cause he was one of its advocates, and never ceased to bear its armor till death released him from his labors. He was a subscriber for many years to the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, and after its discontinuance till his death, to THE STANDARD, which he considered the most truthful of all papers. In his advocacy of the cause he scattered seed which, if it found no growth in older hearts bore fruits in the youthful, of his neighborhood. If all men were as true to their ideas of right and justice as he, "the world would long since have been the better for it." J. L.

Special Notices.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.—PHOTOGRAPH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WE have arranged to offer as a premium for subscribers for THE STANDARD a life-like, beautifully finished, medium-sized photograph of WENDELL PHILLIPS, made for us by a distinguished Boston artist. We have had many calls for photographs of Mr. Phillips, suitable for framing, which we have hitherto been unable to supply. We have at last a likeness of him which we pronounce eminently satisfactory, and which we think will prove to be so to his many friends by whom it will be desired. Each photograph will have also Mr. Phillips' autograph. To all our subscribers who renew their own subscriptions and remit for one new subscriber ($6); or to any one who sends us the names of two new subscribers for one year ($6), we will forward, post paid, a copy of Mr. Phillips' photograph, the retail price o which is $2.50.

FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

THE Twenty-first Annual Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress will be held at the usual place near Waterloo, N. Y., on Saturday and Sunday, 12th and 13th days of June.

This meeting seeks to know no fellowship but the fellowship of Truth, no Church but the Church of Humanity, and invites to its deliberations all who do or would belong to this communion. There are signs of cheer in this time; the opportunities and encouragements for work are greater than ever before known, and it is hoped there will be a large gathering of those interested in this behalf for mutual counsel and co-operation.

The deliberations will dwell especially upon the religious aspects of Truth, its practical bearing upon the relations and forms of human life and activity.

Rev. Samuel J. May, Charles D. B. Mills, William J. Linton, Aaron M. Powell, Dr. Lydia A. Strowbridge, Charles Lenox Remond, Giles B. Stebbins and Geo. W. Taylor are expected to be present and address the meeting.

Communications for the meeting may be directed to Phebe B. Dean, Waterloo, N. Y.

Waterloo N. Y., May, 1869.

CONFERENCE OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

THE Progressive Friends of Pennsylvania will hold their Seventeenth Yearly Meeting, at Longwood, near Hamorton, Chester County, commencing on Fifth day (Thursday), the 3d of Sixth month (June), 1869, at 10½ o'clock, A. M., and continuing three days.

William J. Potter, minister of the Unitarian Church in New Bedford, Mass., and Mrs. Lucy Stone, of New Jersey, have promised to attend the meeting; and other speakers are confidently expected.

OLIVER JOHNSON,
ANNA MARY MARSHALL, } Clerks.

*** Communications intended for the meeting may be addressed to Isaac Mendenhall, Hamorton, Chester Co., Pa.

STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

IN pursuance of a resolution of the NEW YORK STATE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, adopted at its Annual Meeting held in Rochester in January last, notice is hereby given, that a Temperance Convention, to consist of two delegates from each Assembly District in the State, will be held in the City of Syracuse, on Tuesday, the first day of June next, at 12 o'clock, M.

It is expected that the subject of political action in favor of Temperance will come before this Convention for discussion and decision.

In order to secure full representation, it is recommended that the friends of Temperance in each County, without distinction of organization, meet in Convention at the County Seat, on Wednesday, the 19th of May, for the purpose of choosing the delegates and alternates.

Committee.—Lewis H. Clark, E. D. Weller, James L. Bagg, Ira H. Cobb, Henry C. Hooker.

Dated, April 21st, 1869.

CALL FOR A STATE CONVENTION.

To the Colored Men of the State of New York:

BRETHREN—At a meeting of your State Central Committee held at Albany, on the 9th of March, 1869, after mature deliberation it was unanimously voted to issue a call for a Convention of the Colored Men of the State of New York, to be held in the City o Binghamton, at 2 o'clock P. M., on the first Tuesday and first day of June, 1869.

The object of this Convention is to organize a committee in every city, town and village in the State, to serve as canvassers and such other duties as may be deemed expedient to assign them by the General Committee in the struggle for our rights in the fall campaign, when the New Constitution will be submitted to the people for ratification.

All cities, towns and villages throughout the State are requested to send one or more delegates to the Convention.

By order of the State of New York Colored Citizens State Central Committee,

H. C. MOLSON, President, Norwich, N. Y.
ALBERT FREEMAN, Rome, N. Y.
W. C. ROBINSON, Waterville, N. Y. } Secretaries.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

DURING the past eleven years I have had a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine in constant

Miscellaneous Department.

NOREMBEGA.*

[BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE winding way the serpent takes
The mystic water took,
From where, to count its beaded lakes,
The forest sped its brook.

A narrow space 'twixt shore and shore,
For sun or stars to fall,
While evermore, behind, before,
Closed in the forest wall.

The dim wood hiding underneath
Wan flowers without a name;
Life tangled with decay and death,
League after league the same.

Unbroken over swamp and hill
The rounding shadow lay,
Save where the river cut at will
A pathway to the day.

Beside that track of air and light,
Weak as a child unweaned,
At shut of day a Christian knight
Upon his henchman leaned.

The embers of the sunset's fires
Along the clouds burned down;
"I see," he said, "the domes and spires
Of Norembega town."

"Alack! the domes, O master mine,
Are golden clouds on high;
Yon spire is but the branchless pine
That cuts the evening sky."

"O hush and hark! What sounds are these
But chants and holy hymns?"
"Thou hear'st the breeze that stirs the trees
Through all their leafy limbs."

"Is it a chapel bell that fills
The air with its low tone?"
"Thou hear'st the tinkle of the rills,
The insect's vesper drone."

"The Christ be praised! He sets for me
A blessed cross in sight!"
"Now, nay, 'tis but yon blasted tree
With two gaunt arms outright!"

"Be it wind so sad or tree so stark,
It mattereth not, my knave;
Methinks to funeral hymns I hark,
The cross is for my grave!

"My life is sped; I shall not see
My home-set sails again;
The sweetest eyes of Normandie
Shall watch for me in vain.

"Yet onward still to ear and eye
The baffling marvel calls;
I fain would look before I die
On Norembega's walls.

"So, haply, it shall be thy part
At Christian feet to lay
The mystery of the desert's heart
My dead hand plucked away.

"Leave me an hour of rest; go thou
And look from yonder heights;
Perchance the valley even now
Is starred with city lights."

The henchman climbed the nearest hill,
He saw nor tower nor town,
But, through the drear woods, lone and still
The river rolling down.

He heard the stealthy feet of things
Whose shapes he could not see,
A flutter as of evil wings,
The fall of a dead tree.

The pines stood black against the moon,
A sword of fire beyond;
He heard the wolf howl, and the loon
Laugh from his reedy pond.

He turned him back: "O master dear,
We are but men misled;
And thou hast sought a city here
To find a grave instead."

"As God shall will! what matters where
A true man's cross may stand,
So Heaven be o'er it here as there
In pleasant Norman land?

"These woods, perchance, no secret hide
Of lordly tower and hall;
Yon river in its wanderings wide
Has washed no city wall;

"Yet mirrored in the sullen stream
The holy stars are given;
Is Norembega then a dream
Whose waking is in Heaven?

"No builded wonder of these lands
My weary eyes shall see;
A city never made with hands
Alone awaiteth me—

"'*Urbs Syon mystica*'; I see
Its mansions passing fair,
'*Condita cœlo*'; let me be,
Dear Lord, a dweller there!"

Above the dying exile hung
The vision of the bard,
As faltered on his failing tongue,
The song of good Bernard.

The henchman dug at dawn a grave
Beneath the hemlocks brown,
And to the desert's keeping gave
The lord of fief and town.

Years after, when the Sieur Champlain
Sailed up the mystic stream,
And Norembega proved again
A shadow and a dream,

He found the Norman's nameless grave
Within the hemlock's shade,
And, stretching wide its arms to save,
The sign that God had made,—

The cross-boughed tree that marked the spot
And made it holy ground;
He needs the earthly city not
Who hath the heavenly found!

*Norembega, or Norimbegue, is the name given by early French fishermen and explorers to a fabulous country south of Cape Breton, first discovered by Verazzani in 1524. It was supposed to have a magnificent city of the same name on a great river, probably the Penobscot. The site of this barbaric city is laid down on a map published at Antwerp in 1570. In 1604 Champlain sailed in search of the Northern Eldorado, twenty-two leagues up the Penobscot from the Isle Haute. He supposed the river to be that of Norembega, but wisely came to the conclusion that those travelers who told of the great city had never seen it. He saw no evidences of anything like civilization, but mentions the finding of a cross, very old and mossy, in the woods.—*The Atlantic Monthly for June.*

INDIAN AFFAIRS.

ADDRESS OF MRS. CORA DANIELS TAPPAN.

At a Convention of the "Universal Peace Society," held in Dodworth's Hall, New York, May 15th, 1869.

Mr. President, and members of the Peace Society:—The speaker has no legitimate right to address you upon this platform, not being a member of your Society, nor can she adopt the special principles advocated by you; but she recognizes that the existence of this Society is an effective protest against wars of conquest or aggression on the part of our government, and that so long as an organization of this kind is continued, though it have but one or a dozen members, an opportunity is afforded every one of protesting against wrongs and outrages perpetrated under the name of civilization. The speaker recognizes in the proceedings of this Society, and your memorial to Congress upon the subject of the Indians, one of the few practical measures towards the attainment of ultimate peace. It is undoubtedly pleasing to talk of peace in the abstract, but there is no sure way of its attainment except by complete justice, and a government that has for nearly a century enslaved one race (African), that proscribes another (Chinese), proposes to exterminate another (Indians), and persistently refuses to recognize the rights of one-half of its citizens, (woman), cannot justly be called perfect. A true patriot desires that our government should prove itself a parent to protect, educate, provide for, and civilize its wards and its dependents, instead of a tyrant to oppress, or a Herod to destroy them. For the crime of slavery there were eloquent tongues, and ready pens, there was a Garrison, a Phillips, a Lucretia Mott, and others, until at last the force of circumstances compelled its abolition.

But there is another crime, of equal magnitude, about to be committed, against which there are few if any to protest, I refer to the treatment by the government, of the Indians, and the atrocious and infamous proposal to exterminate them. I do not appeal in their behalf, because we have been the aggressors from the first, and they have the advantage of being innocent, and are only acting in self-defence. Nearly every twelve miles, from the Atlantic westward to the Rocky Mountains, and from the Pacific eastward to the same point, is the scene of an Indian massacre, miscalled battle.

Never since the days of Penn and Washington has there been a sincere effort to remove the terrible ban of outlawry which we have fastened upon the original occupants and possessors of the Continent. They certainly have the first claim to the soil, and if we cannot share it equally with them, by what right can we claim to exterminate them in order to gain possession of their country?

It is claimed by the opponents of justice that the Indian cannot be civilized; that this is false is proven by the fact that no fair or proper trial has ever been made, but, on the contrary, we have forced them back step by step into barbarism, and where individual efforts have been made by missionaries and others, they have been attended with astonishing success. Father De Smit in the North-west, and Bishop Whipple, are striking instances. But we have only to refer to the official reports of the Government to prove that the fault is with the nation that they are not now civilized. Ex-Senator Nesmith of Oregon, reports officially to Congress that when they asked that their money might be expended in the purchase of agricultural and mechanical implements, the Government persisted in sending them "yellow ochre, looking-glasses and beads." We have also taught them to make war upon women and children. The late Indian Peace Commission, were confronted on the North Platte by an Indian chief, who proposed an exchange of prisoners, he having a half-dozen white women and children. Gen. Sherman in behalf of the Government was compelled to confess that in our wars with Indians we took no prisoners, but killed them all; the chief then surrendered his captives and asked that they might be returned to their kindred. In their wars among themselves the women and children are taken prisoners and the former are often made the wives of the conquering chief. The wife of Little Raven, chief of the Arrapahoes is a Ute captive, who has always refused to return to her own people.

I quote from an official letter of a member of the Indian Peace Commission, who says, "During the summer of 1865, after the Sand Creek massacre, and during the continuance of a war that followed as a consequence of that cowardly and infamous atrocity. Congress saw the necessity of a radical change in the administration of Indian Affairs, and delegated a committee of their own members, including the then President *pro tem* of the Senate, to proceed at once to the Indian country, ascertain the cause of troubles and suggest a remedy. These distinguished gentlemen faithfully performed the work assigned them; reported as the cause of Indian wars the fact that the Indian was an outlaw, and the remedy a very simple one, viz.: the extension of the civil law over the Indian country, to secure this they prepared an act which passed the Senate by a considerable majority, but it was afterwards defeated in the House of Representatives. This committee had no difficulty in conferring with the then hostile tribe. The Cheyennes heard of their coming and stood ready to meet, and did meet them in council, where an agreement of peace was made and faithfully adhered to by the Indians until the burning of their village two years after.

"In 1867 war again existed on the plains, attended with a fearful loss of life, a serious interference with settlement and travel, and an immense expense of treasure. The Indian Peace Commission was created by act of Congress, approved by the President on the 20th of July; this Commission was sent out to meet the hostile Indians, which was easily done, hostilities on their part stayed, and terms of settlement agreed upon; after which the commission reported to Congress not only the cause of Indian wars but suggested a remedy. The ban of outlawry must be removed from the Indian, the protection of law extended over him, civilization, education, liberty and a permanent home guaranteed to him and his forever. Unfortunately for the country and the peace of the plains these recommendations have not yet been acted upon."

Gen. Harney, a member of the above named Commission, one of the oldest officers in the country, and for nearly fifty years among the Indians, having won their confidence and admiration by his justice and humanity, *pledged his life* to those people that the Government would fulfill the treaties made in its behalf by this distinguished Commission. That pledge was not redeemed, and the gallant officers lives now upon the magnaminity of his friends (the Indians) who love him too well to do him any injury.

Congress not only refused to fulfill the treaties and follow the suggestions made by these distinguished gentlemen in their official report—but during its last session utterly ignored its own Commission, stultified its Legislation, and left the whole responsibility of this important subject upon the Executive of the Government. And the President, however well disposed, has no power to do justly because of this failure of Congress to pass proper laws and indicate an authoritative policy. The President cannot *create* laws, only execute them, and in the absence of proper legislation is at the mercy of circumstances. That President Grant is disposed to act with justice and humanity is evident from the sentiments expressed in his Inaugural address, and the recent appointment of civilians including members of the Society of Friends, as superintendents and agents to the Indians. But that he has made a mistake is evident from the fact, that he has sent peace men to those tribes that have just cause for war, and military men to those already at peace. Of course the latter will remain at peace. And the failure of the former—a failure as disastrous as it is certain—will be used as a pretext for transferring the whole Indian Question to the War Department. The reason why these eminent peace men will fail, is that they have the whole army, disappointed politicians, and a large share of the Frontier settlers against them; military men are jealous, politicians envious, and the settlers and traders desire the traffic which a protracted war will bring—while the loss of thousands of lives, and squandering of millions of dollars, is of no value in the eyes of those who seek official emoluments. In this connection I beg to present the following:

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, The Universal Peace Union, feeling the sincerest sympathy with the Society of Friends in their appointment by President Grant, in treating with the Indians at this critical time, and while we give them the fullest support and encouragement to go forth in that "spiritual power which is mighty to the pulling down of strongholds;" and

Whereas, The appointment by the President of the United Stases of military men as agents to the Indian tribes who are at peace—and of Quakers and peace men to those who have just cause for war—is not a fair trial for the principles of peace, because the peaceful Indians will remain at peace, and the citizens appointed have no power from Congress or other sources to carry out peaceful measures, and their failure will be a pretext for transferring the whole subject to the War Department; therefore,

Resolved, That we enter our solemn protest against this *manner* of carrying out the measures offered, and urge upon the Congress, of the United States proper measures of *legislation* for the Indians, and a full transfer of Indian affairs to the jurisdiction of a civil department, making them citizens, not outlaws.

That we may form a proper estimate of the Indian character I desire to present a few incidents in the life of *Moke-ta-va-ta*, Chief of the Cheyennes—murdered at the massacre of the Wichata last November, by Gen. Sheridan's command, under orders from Gen. Sherman. It is not certainly proper to present our Washingtons, Websters, Clays, Sumners, Phillipses, as samples of the average Anglo-American character. Nor do we say that every Englishman is a John Bright, a Gladstone, or a Disraeli, nor every Irishman an O'Connel; but we do say that these represent the *possible* attainments of the race to which they belong. Moke-ta-va-ta in character and nobleness was a *representative* Indian. The chief of a tribe acknowledged by friend and foe as the most powerful on the plains. The leader, among a people where leadership can only be attained by nobleness, courage, magnanimity and eloquence, he certainly presented a most striking example of the truth, that perfect nature and perfect art culminate at the same point. It is no disparagement to our king of orators, Phillips, to say that he (Moke-ta-va-ta) was his brother in eloquence and grace, in fluency and exactness.

He never made war upon women and children, and has been known to abandon a conflict when that feature, so repulsive to his native nobleness, has been persisted in. And in January, 1865, immediately after the Sand Creek massacre, he resigned his position as chief, because this revolting practice was continued. At the above-named massacre, when his two brothers were lying dead at his feet and his wife—Voishta—was wounded, he visited the tent occupied by three strangers (white men) guests, whom he had every reason to believe were spies, and said, "I think you spies, but I do not know it, go to your own people." Which of our *Christian* (?) Generals, under similar circumstances, surrounded by the foe, and their wife and children slain, would have released any stranger guests, especially Indians, giving them the humane benefit of such a doubt?

Hundreds of our own people are indebted to this noble chieftain for their lives. On one occasion when Major Wynkoop, (afterward agent to the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes) was on the Plains with seventy-five men, hostile Indians surrounded them on every hand, including the whole of Moke-ta-va-ta's splendid tribe. But when the Indians desired him to make a treaty with them for peace, he replied that he had no authority to do so, and though the Indians insisted, he as persistently refused, but offered to take them where they could make peace. For his entire truthfulness and courage on that occasion, Moke-ta-va-ta interfered and saved the life of the gallant young officer and his handful of men, and Major Wynkoop was ever known among them as "the tall white chief who would not lie." A young artist, Mr. J. D. Howland now in Washington, who was with Major Wynkoop on that occasion, has since devoted much of his time in painting the portrait of this distinguished chief, and regards him with a degree of enthusiasm which only the great and good receive. After the burning of their village by Gen. Hancock, in the spring of 1867, the Cheyennes went to war, but Moke-ta-va-ta having promised to remain at peace, did so, and was the first to meet the Commission and make permanent treaties, and finally when the Government failed to fulfill those treaties, and the Indians were again on the war-path, this splendid Chief resigned forever his position among his people, and with a few followers sought refuge in the Indian territory, near the Wichata. Hither they were followed, and in a most cowardly manner attacked and murdered last November. A massacre which as far exceeds that of the Sand Creek in cruelty and atrocity, as there is difference in the position of the officers who commanded.

These are but a few of the incidents in the life of a noble man, the acknowledged leader of a people whom the nation sends its Shermans and Sheridans to exterminate, for no other crime on their part than that of mere existence.

We are on the eve of committing a fearful crime against these people, against humanity, against our own souls. In the name of this noble Indian and all his murdered brethren, let this Society enter constantly and unceasingly its solemn protest, until the Government shall extend its protecting arms over every race and class of people, and like the Divine parent rule by the laws of eternal love and justice.

Mrs. Tappan then read the poem on Moke-ta-va-ta, which we publish in these columns.

MOKE-TA-VA-TA, THE MARTYRED CHIEFTAIN.

Edictum Exterminatum.

BY SHENANDOAH, AUTHOR OF "SHERIDAN'S LAST RIDE."

"We must act with vindictive earnestness against the Sioux (Indians), even to their extermination—men, women and children. Nothing less will reach the root of this case."—*W. T. Sherman, Lieutenant General, U. S. A., to Gen. U. S. Grant, December* 28th, 1866.

I.

A sound of war is in the western wind:
The sun, with fiery flame, sweeps down the sky;
Athwart his breast the crimson shadows fly
Of fearless forms no fetters e'er can bind.

II.

The eagle plunges from his mountain nest,
And screaming, soars above the distant plain,
Plucking his plumes, without a pang of pain,
Though stained with blood from his own beating breast.

III.

The hunter seeks the heated herd no more—
The war-bird's pinions deck his dauntless head;
The antelope, with fleetest feet has fled
From woodland copse and stream's enticing shore.

IV.

The moving purpose of a mighty mind,
Resistless as swift death, a race now claims,
Wresting its weapons from their wonted aims,
Leaving pale fear and famine far behind.

V.

Moke-ta-va-ta, thy form appears again,
Thy spirit to its hunting-grounds hath risen;
Thy body, bursting from its wintry prison,
Blossoms in blood-red flowers on the plain,

VI.

Thy voice makes eloquent the vital air,
Thy splendid image fills the days clear eye;
Thy people, hearing, seeing, swiftly fly,
Like war-birds, flocking, thronging everywhere.

VII.

In thy sad fate their own is prophesied;
They strike to cleave in twain the burning band
Fastened upon them by a reckless hand,
Enclosing, crushing, till they all had died.

VIII.

The edict under which thou hast been slain
Hath been the nation's crime, latest and first,
By which our eldest brother was accursed;
Yet we, unblushing, bear the brand of Cain.

IX.

What crimes were thine—of what dread deeds accused?
Wert thou a foe to freedom or thy kind?
Spoke thou with double tongue or faithless mind,
That thus thou wert betrayed, reviled, abused?

X.

No! From great Nature's paths thou freely came,
Leading thy people to the nation's feet;
And, when the two in conflict e'er did meet,
Thine was the honor—ours the sin and shame.

XI.

Thy words were wisdom's essence, and were spoke
With guileless spirit and with single tongue;
No falsehood's venomed arrows 'neath them clung,
No trust was e'er betrayed, no promise broke.

XII.

The stranger sought thee not in vain;
Thou gavest him clothing, rest, and food, and fire,
Whate'er could fill his heart, or mind desire,
E'en though the giving brought thy bosom pain.

XIII.

Nature revealed in thee her perfect art;
Thy truth and valor all might emulate,
Thy potent power true homage to create,
Thy magnanimity of mind and heart.

XIV.

Even thy foes could win thee by their faith;
Between them and the vengeance of thy kin
Thou oft hast stood, though thelrs the damned sin
Of thy betrayal—thine the marty's death.

XV.

Thrice camest thou with offerings of love,
Pledging thy people, with the pipe of peace,
That nor thy warriors, nor thy increase
Against the Government in war would move,

XVI.

Once, when the nation's banner o'er thee waved,
Thy village rested 'neath its promised care,
The dastard coward struck thee unaware;
Only by courage were thy people saved.

XVII.

Thy brothers' blood beneath thine eye did flow,
The fire arrows had stung thy faithful wife,
Yet thou didst fly to save the strangers' life;
"I think you spies; I do not know it—go!"

XVIII.

Again the blundering hand of power destroyed
Thy stock and substance, and thy tepas burned;
The tardy recompense thy spirit spurned—
Remembrance of a wrong thou wouldst avoid.

XIX.

When thy young men the war-bird's plumes would wear,
To vindicate thy right, avenge thy wrong,
Thy voice uplifted this persuasion strong:
"The antelope can never fight the bear."

XX.

And when the battle-cry was well begun,
And all thy influence for peace was past,
From thy proud form the chieftain's robes were cast,
And thou didst sadly seek the setting sun,

XXI.

Followed by her whose faithful, willing, feet
Companioned all thy weary wanderings:
Camping, with thy small band, near the clear springs
From which the antelope doth drink the life-tide sweet.

XXII.

Ah! then the latest and the foulest wrong
Came upon thee, without a warning word;
Thee and thine stricken, like a hunted herd,
By that false power which makes the mighty strong;

XXIII.

And thou wert slain. Whoever dared to trace
His name upon the order for thy death
Will wear the sting until his latest breath,
And bind the curse of Cain upon his race.

XXIV.

Six times the waning, weary moon had turned
Her forehead from the heart-sick earth away,
Pining because of Justice's long delay,
Since thou, Voishta, hath a captive, yearned

XXV.

For some avenging hand, some voice from Heaven,
To strike with serpent-sting this nation strong,
That dares decide to whom life doth belong;
She of the twelve wounds waits-Thou, Jesus, had but seven.

XXVI.

'Twas ever thus; an hundred winter's snows,
And golden harvest moons, have poured their flood
Of wine and corn upon a people good,
And yet the life-blood of a nation flows

XXVII.

To slay the eldest children of a race
Nearest and dearest to Columbia's breast,
Because their feet her virgin soil had pressed,
And now their blood and tears stain her loved face.

XXVIII.

With eager and unreluctant feet,
We turn from our fond mother's breast away,
We scorch our brows with brands of blazing day,
Then sigh in vain for her dear life-blood sweet.

XXIX.

Civilization, with its burning power,
Slays her fair image with its fearful glaive;
Then, toiling, we become its ready slave,
And vainly pine for respite one brief hour.

XXX.

This was a race of kings as strong and true
As Roman citizen, or Spartan brave;
Theirs was the pride, and theirs the heart to save,
Keeping great Nature's lessons full in view.

XXXI.

Moke-ta-va-ta, thy wrongs shall be redressed,
Thy viewless form fills all the vernal air,
Nor earth's fair bosom, nor the spring more fair,
Can stay the footsteps of a race oppressed.

XXXII.

Their name is legion, and from mountain slope
And distant plain their fearless forms appear,
All conquering, and all potent, without fear
They come with our proud nation now to cope,

XXXIII.

And if the rivers shall run red with blood,
And if the plain be strewn with mangled forms,
And cities burned amid the battles' storms,
Ours is the blame—not thine, thou great and good.

XXXIV.

Thy name shall live a watchword for all time—
A herald and a beacon-light to all
On whom the tyrant and the despot fall,
Making thy death a heritage sublime.

XXXI.

If of this noble line thou wert the last,
And stood on the extremest ocean verge,
Thy eloquence would all thy people urge,
And in one deadly conflict they would cast

XXXVI.

Their gauntlet in our shameful, flaming face,
And then, without a thought of praise or blame,
Would perish to avenge thy noble name,
And prove that thou wert of a kingly race.

XXXVII.

A sound of war is on the western wind;
The sun, with fiery flame, sweeps down the sky:
Athwart his breast the crimson shadows fly
Of fearless forms no fetters e'er can blind.

XXXVIII.

Down through the golden gateway they have trod,
The mighty scions of a nation come
In sweeping circles from their shining home,
With weapons from the battle-plains of God.

NOTES.

MOKE-TA-VA-TA—Chief of the Cheyenne Indians, assassinated at the massacre of the Wichata, in November last.

VOISHTA—Wife of Moke-ta-va-ta, captured at the same time. She escaped from the Sand Creek Massacre in November, 1864, pierced by twelve bullets.—*The* (Washington) *Sunday Herald.*

PUNCTUALITY VS. TARDINESS.—If "words fitly spoken are like apple, of gold in pictures of silver," then, says a correspondent, the palm just now should be awarded to J. F. W. Ware. His utterances, he says, should be engraved on every church door, pew, lecture and concert-room, house and place of business, excepting only the Eastern Railroad, where the admonition is not needed. Mr Ware says: "After much torturing experience I come to this, that nine in ten do not know the value of time, nor the morality of a promise. Why is not an engagement to meet me at nine o'clock as sacred as any bond? Why is not the understanding that a church service or a lecture commences at the given hour, an acceptance on your part, if you go, of an agreement, and why are you not false to it by your tardiness, and why are you not a bad friend because of all the little miseries your infidelity entails? The world, intercourse, affection, great affairs, little details are cursed; prosperity, temper, character, life jeoparded, lost by want of punctuality. Unpunctual people are everywhere, and everything encourages them. It is taken for granted that nothing will be "on time," and so everybody holds off to insure it. The first ten minutes of a religous service are apt to be a martyrdom to preachers and punctual people. There ought to be some contrivance by which the tardy shall be made as uncomfortable as they, and then we might hope a change. But in this world it too much happens that a comfortable stolidity possesses the sinner, especially if his sin be fashionable, and the sufferings come upon those who must take their comfort out in doing their duty."

A HYMN OF PEACE.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[*To the music of Keller's "American Hymn."*]

[Dr. Holmes has written the following hymn for the Peace Jubilee in Boston:]

ANGEL of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!
Come while our voices are blended in song—
Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove!
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove—
Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,
Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love—
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

Brothers we meet, on this altar of thine,
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea—
Meadow and mountain and forest and sea!
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brothers once more round this altar of thine!

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main
Bid the full breath of the organ reply—
Let the loud tempest of voices reply—
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main!
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

—*Tribune, May* 19, 1868.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF ANIMALS.—The United States War Department has recently issued an order, directing that at every military post there shall be kept a descriptive list of the horses and mules in the United States service, showing the name, age, size, color and other peculiarities of each animal, how and when acquired, his fitness for service, how long he has been in the service, the name of his rider or driver, and the particular use to which he is or was applied. The order further directs that veterinary Surgeons shall have free access to the stables, and their suggestions for the care and treatment of horses must be enforced by the authority of commanding officers. Particular instructions are given how horses shall be treated both in stable and in service. As the gallop very soon breaks them down, it is strictly prohibited on marches, escorts, express and other duties, except when absolutely necessary. A depot is established on Fort Leavenworth reservation for the recuperation of unserviceable horses and mules in the military division of the Missouri.

GENIO SCOTT ON FISHING.—We decidedly object to Mr. Scott's book entitled "Fishing in American Waters." It awakens in us city-bound mortals such provoking memories of the past, and such tantalizing desires for the future, as are beyond all endurance. We have read all that we can bear, and laid the book aside until fate permits us to satisfy the appetite which it renders so keen. To our thought there is no sport more genuinely healthful than that of the true fisherman. He is not a mere catcher of fishes. He scorns the net. He suffers not the spear. He is a poet. He loves Nature. The fish are simply his excuse for rambling in her wildest retreats. They simply afford the mental excitement that is necessary to take his thoughts off of his distant work, and prevent him from becoming a prey to the ennui of absolute mental inaction. Mr. Scott writes as a genuine fisherman. The enthusiasm of a true artist pervades his pages. The experience of a skillful angler fills them with invaluable information. The facts respecting lines, hooks, bait, poles, personal outfit, and, in short, all the necessary preparation for a successful piscatorial tour which are not to be found in his pages are not worth knowing—*Book Table in Harper's Magazine.*

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REPORT OF U. S. COMMISSIONER, T. W. EVANS, M. D., MEMBER OF THE JURY OF THE UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION, TO THE UNITED STATES. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY, DEPARTMENT OF STATE. To wit:
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TESTIMONIAL OF THE
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COUNT SERRUIER, Commissioner General of the International Exposition, President of the Conference.
COUNT G. de CHABOLY, T. GAUVIY, } General Secretaries.
To Monsieur Hudson."
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MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD, in a letter accompanying remittance for THE STANDARD, writes as follows:
WAYLAND, MASS., Feb. 1, 1868.
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